

A Pilgrim of the Nineteenth Century;

or

*A SKETCH IN THE EARLY DAYS OF
CANTERBURY, NEW ZEALAND*

BY

M.H.A.B.

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Farewell Breakfast

TO THE
CANTERBURY COLONISTS,

Given at Blackwall, July 30, 1850.

TOASTS AND APPROPRIATE AIRS.

1. THE QUEEN LORD LYTTELTON.
" National Anthem."
2. PRINCE ALBERT AND THE ROYAL } LYTTELTON
FAMILY }
" Was ist der Vaterland?"
3. THE CHURCH, AND BISHOP DESIGNATE { LYTTELTON,
OF LYTTELTON } REV. W. SEWELL.
" The Christchurch Bells."
4. THE ARMY AND NAVY { LYTTELTON,
EARL NELSON.
" Rule Britannia."
5. THE DEPARTING COLONISTS { THE BISHOP OF NORWICH,
LYTTELTON } WHARNCLIFFE.
" Hearts of Oak."
6. JOHN ROBT. GODLEY, *Founder of the* } J. SIMEON, ESQ., M.P.
Canterbury Colony }
" A Health to the Outward Bound."
7. LORD LYTTELTON, *Chairman of the* } J. E. FITZGERALD, ESQ.,
Canterbury Association } LYTTELTON.
" The Fine Old English Gentleman."
8. SUCCESS TO CANTERBURY { LORD J. MANNERS, M.P.
W. G. BRITTAN, ESQ.
" Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?"

Frontispiece

CHRISTCHURCH,
CANTERBURY, NEW ZEALAND,
1850-1891.

MORE than forty years have flown
Since a small but sterling band
Of pilgrims landed here, on
This fair and fertile land.

Many friends they left in tears
On old England's far-off shore;
Some of them have met in years,
But some here will meet no more.

On the plain was nought to see
But swamp, fern, and native grass
In the picture of to-day,
See! great things have come to pass.

A loud whistle now is heard,
As the iron-horse rushes on,
Where the moa, gigantic bird,
And the Maori used to roam.

On the once secluded plain
Towns and villages abound;
Fields of waving golden grain,
And neat homesteads, too, are found.

M.H.A.B.

PREFACE.

IN presenting this little sketch of the “Early Days” to the public, the writer wishes to say that much assistance has been obtained by the perusal of the original diary kept by “Jack,” and is a true account of a youthful pilgrim’s impressions and life in Canterbury. The writer’s intention is not to make it appear more than it really is, and therefore he has refrained from unnecessarily overdrawing and polishing up the simple facts as narrated.

Dedicated
TO
THE EARLY COLONISTS OF CANTERBURY,
NEW ZEALAND.

IT is with sincere pleasure that I dedicate this effort to the Canterbury Pilgrims who arrived in the first five ships, viz., the *Charlotte Jane*, the *Sir George Seymour*, the *Randoph*, *Cressy*, and *Castle Eden*.

To the pioneers who laid the foundation-stone of their province, and have built it up to its present greatness, all honour is due.

From privation, trials, and hardships they have emerged, and nobly have won the battle so hardly fought.

Many a familiar face is missing from their ranks, and many a cheery voice has been hushed for ever on earth. But some are with us yet, crowned with the gathering snows of approaching winter.

Only those who have experienced the ups and downs in the life of an early colonist can imagine what they have endured. Noble men and devoted women-men who have stood through the fiercest storms, and gentle women who have with their own delicate hands performed their share of the glorious work-to one and all is offered this tribute of praise.

M. H. A. B.

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A PILGRIM OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

THE CANTERBURY ASSOCIATION.

THE beginning of this story dates as far back as 1849, when a movement was made in a most remarkable manner to organise a select band of colonists, who were to leave their own homes in dear old England, with a view to establishing an infant colony at the other end of the world.

Turning aside the curtain of the past, and looking back through the thickening mists of the years that have flown since that unique undertaking was first proposed by the Canterbury Association, we behold a vision both romantic and interesting - overshadowed, too, by a halo of religious influence. We see a determined body of men, whose ambition is to found an independent colony of their own, under one distinct head; whose aim and sole object is to have their new home beyond two oceans, as perfect in every detail as possible. This scheme was favoured and designed by men who shone as leading lights in both Church and State. The new colony, Canterbury, was to be founded by the Church of England, and a strong and influential committee was formed to perfect and launch the new project. Time moves on; the Association have arranged in a methodical manner their novel system of colonisation. They have been lavish with their time, brains, and money, in completing the arrangements which should make the pilgrims' venture more of a success than is usual under the circumstances.

The Association refused to allow ineligible persons to join the ranks of intending colonists, and having power to reject all such,

thereby excluding them entirely, gave a healthy tone to the moral atmosphere of the new community.

Vigorously the Canterbury Association worked to carry out these high aims, and enthusiastically they were seconded in their efforts by those who wished to become colonists. The Association was composed of men who preferred practice to theory. Among the members we see the Archbishop of Canterbury, a duke, marquises, earls, and bishops, also statesmen whose names are well known throughout the globe.

The scheme was a brilliant one, and most praiseworthy. When its full nature was made public, there was no lack of intending colonists. Canterbury was to be settled properly, and the Association would provide for everything. A number of workers should go out-the settlement was to be a busy one, with a central town, which would become the capital, named Christchurch. Headed by a bishop, there would be clergy, schoolmasters, landlords, and labourers. Each landlord could take labourers in proportion to the acreage of land he possessed-if he had fifty acres of land, he could take out one labourer, and so on.

The Association - of which Lord Lyttelton was chairman, arranged that the ships should take everything necessary to the welfare of the colonists, both spiritual and bodily comforts - everything, from the materials for a cottage to a public library, a printing press, type, and, of course, the necessary editor and his adjuncts. Even a bank was not forgotten. In the vessels would be stowed all that the enterprising voyagers could reasonably wish for. The land should be sold at three pounds per acre, which would bring in a vast sum. Out of this the New Zealand Land Company would take payment for the block of land - 1,000,000 acres - and the money remaining over was thus to be disposed of in aid of religion, education, public buildings, roads, and bridges. Such was the scheme when perfected, *theoretically*.

In the month of November, 1849, the charter was granted, and the Association at once prepared to carry out a project which had

been talked of in many an English home for months previously. By means of panoramic views, the beauty of New Zealand's scenery was shown to admiring and expectant audiences, whilst a lecturer extolled the fertile country and healthy climate.

Colonists readily came forward and bought up the land, giving three pounds per acre. The Association began to think of adding more land to the block of 1,000,000 acres. [This was afterwards done, and the block was increased to 2,400,000 acres.] Ships were speedily fitted out, and meetings of the Association became more frequent, and many interesting and enthusiastic speeches were made in public. Great excitement prevailed, as hurried land preparations were pushed forward. Before another year had passed the Association intended to have their colony an established fact. "Unity is strength," and surely in this case ought to succeed. In due time four ships were in readiness to sail, and in each berths were taken for its full number of passengers. Other ships were to follow directly after, in succession, as they were required.

A farewell sermon was preached to the pilgrims in St. Paul's Cathedral by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Cathedral was thronged, as besides the pilgrims and their friends, many were attracted by the unusual nature of the special service, also by the fact that the pilgrims were men and women voluntarily resigning comfortable homes for the rough discomforts of a new country, which to many gave an idea of semi-civilisation and semi barbarism; while others, again, thought - and truly - that heroism and chivalry were not yet extinct, even in our prosaic nineteenth century. In his eloquent sermon the Archbishop reviewed the new system of colonisation from a religious point of view. New countries were often the cause of neglected religion. In the hard struggles through earthly life, men were apt to grow careless and forgetful of the life hereafter - careless so long as the body was clothed; the health of their souls was but a secondary consideration. In the new land to which they were bound things

would be different - their spiritual welfare would be well looked after. The sermon throughout was soul-stirring. Each pilgrim, in his or her own way, was much affected by it. They realised that under Divine guidance they were about to embark in an undertaking which would call forth all their energies to perform in a satisfactory manner, in which the chief aim was to form a healthy, firm, religious, and moral society - to set a good example, in which their settlement should shine, and be held up as a pattern for other colonies to be guided by. With such hopes in their hearts they filed out of the Cathedral - many of them for the last time - while the organ thundered forth a voluntary which seemed to echo and re-echo the thoughts that were uppermost in their minds.

Nothing now remained to be done but to attend the farewell breakfast, which was to be given to the Canterbury colonists at Blackwall, on July 30th, 1850. Those who were entitled to attend received invitations to the breakfast and a programme, [See frontispiece] the latter being printed in navy-blue upon a white satin ground, a suitable souvenir of this momentous occasion, and worthy of preservation.

The breakfast was a brilliant affair, and was done full justice to by the guests. Speeches, toasts, and songs followed in rapid succession, and no toast met with wilder enthusiasm than that proposed by the Bishop of Norwich - "The Departing Colonists," to which Lord Wharncliffe responded. After the applause had somewhat subsided, a song followed, and when other toasts and songs had been given and duly honoured, all rose and sang with fervour that very suitable Scotch song,

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" as a finale.

The pilgrims carried the pleasant remembrance of that breakfast and, kindly farewell from their native land over the seas, and through the years that followed. "Farewell to England" was the last thought as they reached Plymouth and went on board the four ships that were anchored in the harbour. On that sunny day they

took leave of "old England," and the Randolph, *Charlotte Jane*, *Sir George Seymour*, and plucky little *Cressy* set sail from Plymouth Sound. Then the pilgrims began their voyage in earnest. But it is not our intention to follow these ships individually. Suffice to say that in the course of time they arrived at Port Cooper, on December 16th, anniversary day, which will long be recognised and remembered in Canterbury. Three of the ships arrived; the fourth was still at sea. The *Cressy* did not arrive for several days afterwards.

CHAPTER II.

FAREWELL TO OLD ENGLAND.

TWO months have passed away since the four ships sailed out of Plymouth Sound. Another ship is being fitted out for her long voyage. All is bustle and excitement, provisions are being brought, and luggage is piled in heaps, waiting in readiness for the sailors, who are working with a will, stowing away the largest amount of cargo that could conveniently be stowed between deck and keel of the vessel. Pilgrims are daily arriving in Plymouth from all parts of Great Britain, all as eager and enthusiastic as their predecessors, who were by this time well out on their voyage. Many pilgrims had by necessity been forced to wait for this ship, and had long since been in readiness to go - they were anxious to start. Others lingered behind till the last moment in their old homes, or paying farewell visits to relatives and friends. By the 8th of October the bustle and preparation for departure is all over. Farewell visits have been paid. Toilsome shopping and packing is all finished, and the boxes, well stocked, corded, and labelled, are lying stowed away securely in the hold. Homes have been broken up - not without many a tear and sigh. Last farewells have been spoken by the loving friends of those who are leaving

their native land - perhaps for ever and who are about to seek new fortunes in a strange and comparatively unknown land.

Nearly all of the passengers are already on board, and a crowd is assembled to see the vessel with her precious freight set forth on her voyage, and to wave a cheering adieu as the colonists sail out of harbour.

The anchor is weighed at half-past ten a.m. Loud cheers break from the multitude, men frantically wave their hats, and women, with streaming eyes, their fluttering handkerchiefs, as the *Castle Eden* with a gentle gliding motion slowly and gracefully moves, her white sails swelling in the breeze. The air is vibrating with a hearty British cheer which with one accord has broken from over a hundred throats. "Hurrah! we are off. Farewell to old England," is the cry echoed back from the ship. "Farewell to old England."

The bright morning sun shone down upon a scene both painful and affecting. Many of our readers have doubtless experienced the wrench of a home parting. On the ship many of the women sobbed convulsively, and even strong men felt a lump rise in their throats, which seemed about to choke them, while their eyes grew suspiciously dim and moist. "Farewell to old England," they cried, and stood watching the receding coast. Presently the vessel was anchored again in the "roads," and waited there until the bishop came on board. He did not until past noon; then the *Castle Eden* once more pursued her way through the sparkling waters, which danced in the sunlight, and leaped and foamed as they dashed against the sides of the ship as she lightly skimmed along at the rate of ten knots per hour.

Eddystone lighthouse [Eddystone lighthouse has since been rebuilt] was passed at two o'clock in the afternoon, and the passengers thought, as they admired the wonderful building, that it was the finest one in the world.

Dinner was served at half-past three, and at the conclusion of this meal those of the passengers who cared to do so returned to the deck, to have another look at the land they had left, and to form

new acquaintances. The meals had on this occasion been served at rather irregular hours - break fast at eight, dinner at three, and tea at six. The irregularity was occasioned by the hurry in starting, and delay in waiting for the bishop to come on board, but this did not trouble the pilgrims much; their thoughts were otherwise occupied.

Among those who stayed to see the last of fair Albion was a youth of some sixteen summers, and as he will be much before us, we shall take particular notice of him. Just now he is looking rather serious and grave for one of his years, as he leans forward with eyes fixed in the direction of Falmouth. He is alone in the ship - alone in the world now, and fatherless - but had received a fond mother's blessing ere he left his native land. He is about to penetrate the mysteries of a new and strange life. He was a youth of adventurous disposition, and had left his home in Bonnie Scotland for the purpose of embarking in an unknown career. A yearning desire to be on the ocean had possessed him from infancy, inherited without doubt from his father (and forefathers), whose stories of the British battles at sea, in which they had been engaged, also of all the famous victories gained by Britain over other ships of war; and while relating how these battles were fought and won the boyish admiration rose to a fever height and he would always exclaim, "When I am old enough I shall join the Navy, as You did, father." At which assertion the captain would laugh and answer, "We shall see." Death claimed the captain about the time when the son hoped to have the dream of his life fulfilled, and quickly dispelled all such visions from his mind. Our hero's mother detested the idea of her son enduring the hardships and perilous life of a sailor, and wished him to embrace a profession at home. In vain he protested that he disliked the idea of staying for ever in one place, and said that his two other brothers, who were older than himself, would be able to make up for his absence. In consideration for his mother's feelings he eventually abandoned all hopes of entering the Navy, and gained

her consent to join the ranks of the pilgrims who were about to colonise faraway New Zealand.

Perhaps she hoped that he would soon tire of the Antipodes and return home. But it was not so. The youth was fully determined to pursue the course he had marked out for himself, and although he is now thinking of home and mother, the idea of returning never once enters his mind.

Those blue eyes have a look of strong and fixed purpose in their depths, and show a power of will unwavering. The youth is handsome, with a well-knit figure, and head covered with thick clustering, golden curls. His face is not usually so grave; it is generally lit up by a pair of laughing, merry eyes. He is now addressed by a young gentleman who is several years his senior, and who, too, looks thoughtful. In the conversation that followed each learned where the other had come from, and that they were both alone in the ship. This introductory conversation was the forerunner of a life friendship - a friendship of the deepest and firmest kind - and the two young men were soon dubbed "Damon and Pythias of the *Castle Eden*."

Being similarly placed, and alone, the two were drawn together by the invisible link of sympathy. Our hero, whom we shall call Jack, and his new-found friend were soon joined by the doctor and another gentleman, who presently proposed having a rubber at whist. The quartette were about to descend to the doctor's cabin for that purpose, when they heard the call to "family worship." The bishop was in readiness to officiate, as it was eight o'clock, so the game was postponed till later on. Soon all on board were devoutly kneeling in prayer. The bishop feelingly referred to "those dear ones at home, who were praying for those at sea," and every heart was touched. After singing a hymn, the benediction was pronounced, and the little assembly dispersed. The ladies and children retired to their cabins, while their "lords and masters" went on deck to enjoy a whiff of the fragrant weed, which was so necessary to the happiness of many of them.

The four gentlemen to whom we have already referred sat down to play the postponed game of whist, but were not very zealous, soon returning to the deck, where they with others stayed in the cool fresh air till one a.m., when they lost sight of England and bade her a final adieu.

Among those who were now on their long pilgrimage to Canterbury in the *Castle Eden* as chief cabin passengers were Captain Thornhill, wife, and child, Lord Montague, Bishop Jackson, wife, and two sons, Dr. Haylock and two sons, Mr. Mason, wife, and two daughters, Mr. Kent, wife, and two daughters, Messrs. Mansel, Fitzgerald, Bryce, Skinner, Beardmore, Hart, Freestone, J. J. Buchanan, Hammer, De Bourbell, and Calvert, the two latter being in the bishop's retinue. Mr. Reid was first mate; the second mate was a Mr. Calvert.

The intermediate passengers were Mr. Beachy, wife, and family of seven, Mr. Buxen, wife, and family of six, Mr. Fletcher, wife, and child, Mr. Bowley, wife, and three children, Messrs. Willoughby (two), Davidson, Denholm, McCurdle, Holmes, Misses Simpson and Bryant, and several others. Messrs. Fletcher, Bowley, McCurdle, Holmes, and the Misses Simpson and Bryant, were some of the teachers who were to take charge of the school provided for the youthful lads and lasses of Canterbury

CHAPTER III.

THE CASTLE EDEN AT SEA.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
 Yet she sailed softly, too;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze
 On me alone it blew."

S. T. Coleridge.

NEXT morning Jack rose at half-past seven, and, taking a book, went on deck, where he sat reading till several others made their appearance. The soft fresh air and bright sunshine were indeed enjoyable. Breakfast was served punctually at eight o'clock. Family worship was held at eleven. These short services were regularly held twice a day hereafter, in the morning at eleven, and at eight in the evening.

On Thursday, Jack was greatly interested in a large shoal of porpoises, which were swimming rapidly past the ship. At four o'clock, Fitzgerald and several others, including Jack, were caught up the masts and in the rigging by the sailors. This caused great amusement, as the sailors insisted upon their "paying their footing." Each was kept prisoner in his position till he paid the fine, which took the shape of a bottle of rum. Protests were in vain, and no one could interfere, as this was one of the sailors' privileges. The captives at length laughingly agreed, and thus obtained their freedom to go over any part of the ship all through the voyage. But one Young fellow - a middy - escaped from the sailors, and evaded the fine, by sliding down one of the ropes.

In the evening the bishop exhibited a magic lantern, which was much appreciated, the views being very fine.

The next day a number of migratory birds were seen. A poor, tired little starling that settled on deck was captured, and tenderly cared for by those on the ship.

The *Castle Eden* was now tossing about in the Bay of Biscay, and Willoughby, who had a magnificent voice, was singing the famous song of that name, and never was a song more appropriate. The chorus was taken up with spirit by his companions-

Till next day, there she lay
In the Bay of Biscay, oh."

At tea-time the ship was rolling tremendously, and the passengers were knocked from one side of the cuddy to the other. [The cuddy is a place under the poop, where the chief-cabin passengers took their meals.] Chairs were rolling about, and everyone received some rather hard knocks, while the tea flew out of the cups over the ladies' dresses, and filling gentlemen's pockets. Good humour prevails, and these discomforts are voted "good fun," but all the tea is lost.

The rolling and tossing grew worse and worse, while the wind howled in the rigging. Everyone retired early that evening. Jack went to bed and slept soundly until midnight, when he was awakened by the noise of the sea breaking over the ship, and rushing down the main hatchway and into his cabin. The poor steerage passengers were drenched in their beds, and were baling the water out of their quarters. The noise of the gale was deafening; it was an awful night. Jack rose and went on deck, and saw a magnificent sight: the sea seemed to be a mass of fiery liquid, and it looked as if the ship would be overwhelmed by mountains of fire.

Jack stood speechless with astonishment and admiration. He had never before beheld such a splendid and wonderful sight, and at length found expression to his feelings. "Beautiful!" he exclaimed; then returned to his bed, and slept, in spite of the storm, till morning.

On Saturday the storm moderated a little towards ten o'clock, when the ship was opposite Oporto, in Portugal. The ship's

motion had now changed to pitching violently, and towards tea-time Jack suffered severely from his first attack of *mal-de-mer*, and feeling much too ill to sit at table, went to bed. The party at the table on this occasion was a very small one.

Sunday turned out to be a very fine day, but there was still a nasty ground swell, and our hero did not take breakfast. He, however, appeared in time to attend Divine service. The bishop preached an excellent sermon; the subject was "On Quarrelling."

The weather now became much warmer; the thermometer showed an increase of 12° since leaving Plymouth, and Jack found it much too warm to remain in the cabin, so he went on deck to watch the swallows. A great number of these birds were flying about, and several were captured, but liberated again. The fresh air and warm sunshine worked wonders for Jack and the other sufferers. It gave them a good appetite for dinner, and the apple-pies were particularly relished by all. They also managed to do full justice to the evening meal. The weather continued fine and warm, and the passengers preferred the deck to going to bed. Jack had a long chat with the bishop, and did not retire till midnight. The wind had been in the ship's favour ever since she left Plymouth, so nothing could be complained of on that score. But the excessively warm weather foretold that a change was at hand.

The next day was scorching hot, and, the wind having gone down, the heat was oppressive in its severity. The ship was going very slowly - at about the rate of one knot per hour.

About ten o'clock a slight disturbance was caused by one of the seamen, who began to show signs of mutiny. The captain - who was very good to his men - promptly checked it, in time to prevent a serious row. The captain is a thorough gentleman, and faithful in his attention to duty. In appearance he is a very fine-looking, broad, and strongly-built man. It is needless to say that "Our Captain" is a general favourite with all the passengers in the ship.

Jack watched the captain in admiration as he quelled the disturbance, and wondered how it was that the sailor could refuse duty to such a man; and his eyes sparkled with pleasure when the sailor, after hearing what the captain had to say, submissively returned to his work. This little event settled, Jack was soon deeply buried in his book once more, literally devouring the pages of "The Chemistry of Creation." He fully intended "experimenting a little" when he reached New Zealand, and this was a favourite study.

Fine weather continued, and on Tuesday morning it was a dead calm; the sea looked like a huge sheet of glass, scarcely a ripple breaking the smooth surface of the ocean. Several of the gentlemen deplored the absence of steam-power. "Just think how useful steam would be to us just now," said Mr. Hart. "We should be able to go at the rate of twelve miles an hour."

"You are quite right," answered Mr. Willoughby; (and we need not use it if we liked, except in calm weather. That is, of course, if we had it," he added, laughing.

"It would be much better than standing still," chimed in Jack, who as usual was inseparable from his friend Mr. Hart. 'The thermometer registered 58° at Plymouth, and it is 73° now," he continued.

"There certainly is a great difference in the climate."

"We shall soon find our winter clothing too warm for comfort, I am thinking."

"That is not at all improbable - Hallo! What is up over there?

"This exclamation was called forth by a great sensation at the other end of the ship, and the three friends hurried forward. A cry arose which soon answered their curiosity - 'A shark! a shark!' as the people all crowded to have a look at a monster of which many had often heard, but seldom, if ever, seen before. The ugly monster was swimming close to the ship, and a number of little pilot-fishes were mockingly following, and dashing themselves against the shark's sides. It was very amusing to watch

these bold little fishes as they knocked the monster about. A line was soon baited and an attempt made to capture the shark, but in spite of a tempting morsel and trials of skill (of which no notice was taken by his "sharkship"), he continued to swim around close to the ship for some time, then suddenly disappeared. This caused great disappointment. A close watch was kept for his reappearance. Soon a huge octopus or "devil-fish" came along. A boat was lowered, in which the second mate and some of the sailors gave chase and endeavoured to harpoon it. Their efforts were unsuccessful as they soon lost sight of him.

Dinner being ready, all sat down to do justice to the good things provided. The conversation-naturally enough turned to the subject of the shark's appearance, and the sensation caused thereby on board. It was said that a woman - a steerage passenger - had stated that it was her "firm conviction that the shark had come for and was following some one in the ship." Of course all the chief cabin passengers laughed - or affected to laugh - at such a supposition. It was a common superstition among sailors on many ships. No one would own to sharing it, but not a few were secretly wondering "if such a thing could possibly be true." The conversation on this gruesome subject had not ceased when the news came that a large bottlenosed whale was disporting itself alongside. The result was a general exodus from the cuddy. The rest of the afternoon was spent by the gentlemen talking and reading, the ladies being similarly employed, with sewing and fancy work for variation. When evening came, and Luna shed her silvery light, a little German girl - wife of one of the intermediate passengers, delighted her audience by the sympathetic sweetness of her voice, as she sang French, German, Italian and Spanish songs to a guitar accompaniment. Each song was applauded and encored. She sang as though her whole soul was in the songs so cleverly rendered, and from that evening was thought of as the prima donna of mid-ocean.

At eight o'clock the call to family worship concluded this impromptu concert, and thus ended one of the many pleasant evenings passed on board the *Castle Eden*.

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE AT SEA.

JACK took advantage of the calm weather to put things in order in his cabin. During the rough passage through the Bay of Biscay a chaotic confusion had reigned supreme, but Jack determined that it should reign no longer. The cabin was a large one, intended originally for two occupants, and passage had been taken by a Mr. Love, who also would have occupied a portion of Jack's particularly cosy and roomy apartment, had not unforeseen circumstances prevented his coming on board. At the last moment another young man had implored the captain to take him in place of the absent one, but as Jack objected to anyone but the original applicant sharing his cabin, the captain took that view of the question, and the second applicant was left behind.

Diving into a trunk, Jack brought forth a warm and handsome dressing-gown, which was one of the numerous useful gifts thoughtfully provided for him by a loving mother. "I shall leave this handy," soliloquised Jack as he hung it on a peg. "It will prove very useful and comfortable to me of a morning." Then there was the little "housewife" (presented by his sister Jane), well stocked with needles, pins, thread, etc., and a pincushion which little Nan had snugly stowed in a corner as her contribution. A number of useful and good books, and several other articles, were in turn taken out and duly inspected each with satisfaction. Jack was thus occupied when Bishop Jackson entered for a short chat, and before leaving he presented a book called "Farewell to the Outward Bound" to Jack, who, it is needless to say, was delighted with it.

The sun fiercely blazed down upon the vessel, and they were obliged to put up an awning to protect the passengers from the scorching rays.

"This is a great improvement," was Jack's first remark, when the awning was finally adjusted to the satisfaction of everybody.

"The heat is positively dreadful this morning," said Lord Montague.

"What is our position now, captain?" asked another.

"Between Gibraltar and the Azores."

"Oh, that accounts for the heat."

"Will it be much hotter as we go along?" inquired a lady.

"It will be when we are passing through the tropics, and very likely it may also be cold enough to suit Lord Montague yet."

"Just order up the clerk of the weather, and tell him to serve it cool immediately then," retorted that gentleman.

"There are a great number of ships going our way," remarked the doctor.

"Yes," replied Hart, "plenty of them, but not one to take a mail home."

"I wish we could send a line home just to let them know what jolly times we are having," added Jack.

"Your wish is likely to be fulfilled-a ship is now coming towards us," said a voice at his ear.

"So there is!"

"Talk of angels and you'll see their wings. Well, the wings on this occasion are most welcome. I'm off to write home," said Hart, springing to his feet.

"And I! and I!" chorused several others.

Jack was the, first to sit down to his writing. He wrote a long letter to his mother, in which many messages were sent to his brothers and sisters. The letter described the voyage, the vessel, his fellow-passengers, and the captain - who was referred to in glowing terms. When finished, he closed and sealed a bulky packet, which he carried in his hand when he returned to the

deck. He found a crowd talking together in disappointed tones as they gazed seaward.

"Why, what is the matter, Hart he inquired.
You look blue."

"Oh, it's that Frenchman."

"What Frenchman?"

"The French ship going home-she would not come to." "Then we shall not be able to send our letters?"

"No."

"I tried to send a note by that Frenchman," said Lord Montague. But it was no go - he would not be so civil and obliging, you know."

"It is vexing."

"Yes, deuced awkward."

This incident, however, was soon forgotten at sight of the dinner-table. John Bull dearly loves a good dinner, and by the time a large plum-pudding graced the board, all were in a jovial mood, each having a good story to relate in connection with the "King of Puddings," which was recalled at sight of this one.

"I say, Jack!" cried Hart as he entered that young gentleman's sanctum, where he sat reading the book given to him by the bishop.

"Well, what is it?"

"An idea of my own; but perhaps you may not agree to it."

"It all depends upon the nature of your idea. You have not told me what it is."

"Patience! You have not listened to what I have to say; it is this - supposing we were to knock down this partition between our cabins, and enter into a partnership - you and I"

"Can we, though?" interrupted Jack eagerly.

"Yes, if you agree; the captain says it could be done."

"Of course I agree. It will be jolly."

"Then we can turn the enlarged cabin into a little parlour in the daytime, and give evening parties."

"Just the thing. When that partition is down, this will be the size of three good-sized cabins. My bed folds up - as you see, in the form of a couch, so that will do for one piece of furniture. We will require a table though."

"I have thought of that. I believe we shall be able to get one."

"Your cot will not take up any room, if you continue to draw it up to the ceiling."

"It will always be out of the way."

Directly after family worship on Thursday morning the two friends proceeded to carry out their plan, and soon were hard at work knocking down the partition between their respective cabins. They worked with a will and it did not take them long. Then, heated by the exertion, the two sat down to contemplate the result of their labours.

"It is a decided improvement," remarked Hart, as he wiped his brow with a silken handkerchief.

"Yes; we have a spacious apartment now."

"There's room for five beds, and then it would be comfortable to move about in."

"We must clear all this stuff out, and then get the table that the doctor promised us."

"Heigho! Let's to-work again to put things to rights before evening."

Two hours later, when Willoughby came in, he whistled in astonishment.

So this is what you have been doing all day is it? Well, I must say you know how to make yourselves comfortable. Look at that lazy chap! "indicating Hart, who was stretched at length upon the couch.

Hart laughed, "Not lazy - enjoying myself."

"I would not mind exchanging cabins with you," continued Willoughby.

"I have not the slightest doubt about that," replied Jack.

"It is a cosy little parlour; the transformation is complete," remarked Hart when they were once more alone. Now that we have settled down in our new home we intend to invite our friends to spend a social evening - our special friends, of course."

"Capital idea! Let it be a card-party."

"Yes, that was what I was thinking of. We shall be as jolly as sandboys."

"Let us ask the doctor and Willoughby -"

"And Beardmont."

"Certainly; we could not do without him. Now we had better arrange about a spread." And the two entered upon a short discussion as to what would be most desirable in the culinary department.

As soon as this important question was settled to their satisfaction, the pair made their way to the deck to enjoy a whiff of fresh air, and were delighted to find that a breeze was springing up, and soon the ship was sailing merrily along at the rate of six miles an hour.

The party proved to be a most jolly one, and many a good song was sung during the evening, Willoughby delighting everyone by his powerful and deep notes. All congratulated their hosts for having such snug quarters, and hoped that the evening's amusement would be repeated often during the voyage.

"We intend to entertain our friends as often as they like, now that we have secured this spacious and elegant mansion," said Jack, bowing with mock gravity and stateliness. Hart echoed this assertion, and at a late hour the little assembly parted.

Next morning Jack "tidied up," and put fresh linen sheets upon his bed. Having completed his task, this amateur "housekeeper" once more turned over the contents of his boxes, and selecting sundry articles of clothing, sat down and sewed "buttons on" in a most artistic manner. When this task was finished, an hour's quiet study of mineralogy followed - then, closing the book, our hero

indulged in one of those day-dreams that occur frequently in a lifetime.

"Gold was known to be in Australia, and men some day, no doubt, would make immense fortunes there," Jack thought, as he sat resting his chin in his hand at the table. New Zealand was also supposed to be a gold-bearing country. Who could tell what untold wealth might be in store for them? Why, gold might even be found in Canterbury. [Gold was actually found in Canterbury - that is, before Westland was created a province, and Hokitika was part of Canterbury.]

"It might even be found in the land that is my own," he exclaimed half aloud, then once more fell into a reverie, in which he vainly tried to pierce the dense mists which heavily shrouded the future. The boyish face wore a serious expression, which was becoming more and more usual now than heretofore whenever he was alone.

Jack was a general favourite with all on board. Bishop Jackson often visited him in his cabin, and invited him to his own, when many interesting conversations ensued. The bishop took a fatherly interest in the youth, and showed it in many kindly ways inquiring about his studies, and offering advice which was acceptable. Then there would be long chats about the homes they had left, and of their hopes and plans in connection with the new colony-which often brought forth some merry joke, and the bishop would say, "Yes, Jack, you shall be appointed Major-General of the New Zealand Cavalry, some day after we are settled in Canterbury."

With the captain and sailors Jack was first favourite, and they took pleasure in initiating him in the mysteries of hauling ropes, steering, &c. "You are a born sailor," the captain often said, as Jack skilfully and dexterously executed some feat of seamanship, of which the sailors were proud and interested spectators. Under their instruction he had rapidly acquired knowledge, and knew how to reef a sail or splice a rope as well as any of them.

In choosing Mr. Hart as his chief companion, Jack had instinctively chosen wisely. Mr. Hart was a lawyer by profession, and one of the most gentlemanly young men in the ship. He belonged to Reigate, in Surrey. In the doctor and several others Jack found sincere friends, and they were generally together. The ladies on board, it is needless to say, were all very fond of, and took a great interest in, our hero, treating him as if he were one of their own family circle.

Jack enjoyed life at sea thoroughly - who would not under the circumstances?

CHAPTER V.

LECTURES AT SEA - THE REFORMATION.

THE ship was in great confusion, as boxes were being taken up out of the hold. Cockroaches in great numbers were flying about the deck. These pests were executed by the male passengers, and startled the ladies, who uttered faint exclamations of dismay when "the horrid things" slyly gave a bite or settled upon their dresses. The upset on deck was on account of the passengers wishing to obtain some articles which were stowed away in the hold, and as the voyage was to last for months, they thought that as they possessed things which would, add to their comfort or amusement, it would avail them much to have these handy.

So the trunks were brought up, and their various owners, after extracting clothing, books, &c., carefully repacked them, and the boxes were returned to their original resting-places.

Hart had taken out an especial treasure in a number of bottles of fresh water, which he had brought from home. This proved to be invaluable.

After finishing putting things to rights, our friends went to pull ropes with the sailors; Jack called it "capital fun," and the others agreed that it was a fine exercise for strengthening the arms. Lord Montague was at this time a great deal with the sailors, and did not disdain to "pull a rope." It was generally remarked by the sailors and others that he "had very little pride."

Preserved salmon and apple pies were special dainties provided for dinner. Ships' dinners in 1850 were not always so good, and on long voyages like the present one such viands were not always obtainable. Perhaps our friends of the *Castle Eden* before long will be looking backward, and regarding preserved salmon and apple pies as luxuries of the past.

The ship was now 30 degrees north of the line, and would shortly be off Madeira. A great number of sharks were swimming about, but none were captured.

Bishop Jackson had commenced to give a series of extremely interesting lectures. He was now lecturing on "The Liturgy of the Church." Hart and his particular "chum," Jack, as usual discussed the lecture, and gave their own opinions on the subject when they retired to their cabin.

"I like these lectures, began Jack, "they help to fill up the time most agreeably."

"The bishop *does try* to interest us in each subject that he takes up," responded Hart.

"He does, indeed. He is very High Church, I think!"

"Yes."

"But an earnest and good-meaning man!"

"I believe so."

I am going to keep a smart look-out for land tonight. Davidson says we shall be off Madeira by six o'clock."

"I know. But we shall not be near enough to see land."

"Why? How do you know?"

"I asked the captain just now."

Oh! then it will be of no use watching for it."

Not a bit. Come along, I am going to have a chat with the ladies."

Sunday came round again, and was spent very quietly, Divine services being held twice, as usual. The ship was going quickly and steadily, and having had a good dinner, those on board were content.

The trade winds were blowing from the N.W., and the weather became much colder. Tuesday was bitterly cold, with heavy rain falling. The ship was rapidly sailing along at the rate of ten knots an hour—good fast sailing. A sea occasionally broke over the ship, and at dinner the apple pudding was completely spoilt by salt water. The *Castle Eden* was passing the Canary Islands, but land was not in sight.

The next day was the 22nd of October - our hero's birthday; he has now reached the mature age of sixteen years, and feels as independent and manly as one of nearly double his years.

Rising at six, a party of young gentlemen went for their matutinal bath - a novel douche-bath it was. Keeping their nether garments on, they stood while the sailors threw buckets of clean salt water over them, then jumped into a large tub of salt water, which was continually running in and out, and served to wash the decks. After enjoying this refreshing bath they were ready to eat a hearty breakfast, which was served at eight. Then followed family worship, and at ten they all repaired to the bishop's cabin, where he delivered his historical lectures.

The bishop was now lecturing on an extremely interesting subject - a subject that he cleverly handled, viz, the Reformation, and which proved to be infinitely more interesting than the Liturgy of the Church to at least two of his hearers.

The lecturer was listened to by all with unabating interest; the ladies sat with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, while each stirring event of the Reformation was laid before them ; and the men, moved by strong feeling, which was shown in their earnest mien, drank in every word with rapt attention. One could imagine that if the time of action was before them now, how they would plunge into the vortex of strife, and fight for "Faith and Freedom." For those who were now sailing as pilgrims to a far-off land would not have been found wanting at the call to arms. They would have stood foremost and firm in their ranks, and marched triumphant and victorious, with the banner of liberty at their head.

Interesting indeed these lectures proved. Commencing with the first flickering gleams of Protestantism the bishop told how the faint light grew and expanded until a brilliant flame attracted the notice of the Papists; how martyrdom was endured by those who adhered firmly to their new faith; how persecution was borne; but still the light burned steadily, springing up anew where

stamped upon by the oppressors; how Europe was plunged into a terrible revolution, which made itself felt throughout the world, and blood was poured forth in torrents ; still the fire was unquenched. All these terrible events were reviewed, and to-day the bishop was speaking of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. He described one of the most wonderful episodes in Britain's history.

During 1588 Philip II. of Spain, in his bigotry and ambition for power, vowed that by his arm heresy should be exterminated. Europe was visibly shaken by its ambitious rulers, and who could be blind to the measures of Sixtus V? Holland, in deep woe, mourned for the assassinated William. France was divided by two rival factions. Henry III., a weak, characterless monarch, was ruled over by his cruel mother, who in reality governed his kingdom, and showed her hatred and malice to the Protestants by most atrocious acts of inhumanity. Jesuits were inflaming the minds of all European rulers against Protestantism, and in all parts armies were organised to put it down.

Where were the Protestants? Had they all perished at the stake? No. Those that had escaped were wanderers, and exiled. Luther, Calvin, Knox, Cranmer and other leaders had passed away. Would their successors successfully resist their enemies? Would they be strong enough? Their numbers are so small in comparison with their persecutors. England and Holland would have to contest against the mighty powers of Romanism. Spain would send forth her Armada, which should effectually extinguish England's Protestant queen and loyal subjects. Enormous preparations were made to equip and send forth the greatest fleet that the world had ever beheld. Then one hundred and fifty vessels set out to test their strength with England's small navy of twenty-eight ships, at which they laughed deridingly.

Armed with powerful weapons of war, Spain intended to swoop down like a hawk upon defenceless England. Already many of the Papist adherents, who were on her shores, waited to rise with this

opportunity. The Pope, after cursing Elizabeth, pronounced his blessing on the fleet, the principal ships of which bore the names of the Twelve Apostles. At the end of May it sailed forth. Three weeks at sea brought the first cheek - in the Bay of Biscay the ships were scattered by a furious gale; a calm succeeded. After crossing the bay they were met by a second storm, which did a great deal of damage, and caused some loss.

England was surprised, two months later, by the sight of the invaders in the English Channel. Hurried preparations were made to meet the unexpected foe. Divine assistance was given to the intrepid English, and they were thus victorious. Wind and wave buffeted and engulfed the oppressors, and as Pharoah's army, when pursuing Israel, was overthrown and destroyed in the Red Sea, so was the Spanish Armada engulfed by the hungry ocean waves.

Once again the song of Miriam resounded throughout the land. A mighty host had indeed fallen beneath a terrible judgment, and well might the Protestants rejoice in the Words so triumphantly sung by the Hebrew prophetess. They had been delivered out of the hand of a far mightier oppressor, and well might England lead the song of thanksgiving and praise for her deliverance, which was chorused by every Protestant kingdom throughout Europe. Crushed was the power of Romanism, and humbled to the dust. When the lecture was concluded Jack confided to his friend Hart that he had the complete "History of the Reformation," by D'Aubigné, in his trunk of literary treasures.

"Have you, really?" exclaimed Hart.

"Yes. You can look through it if you care to."

Thanks. I suppose the bishop will continue to lecture on this subject for some time to come?"

"I think so," answered Jack absently, whose attention was now centred in a number of flying fish. "I should like to catch some of those curious fishes," he continued in an eager tone.

"So should I, but I fancy that it would be rather a difficult matter.
Heigho! 'tis dinner-time."

CHAPTER VI.

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

THE ship was now opposite Cape De Verd Island, and heavy tropical showers of rain were falling. The *Castle Eden* was sailing merrily along when a sudden gust of wind met her, and carrying away one of the studding sails, knocked the vessel completely round out of her course.

Next morning dawned with clear skies; throughout the day the heat was scorching. Jack succeeded in capturing a flying-fish, as numbers of them flew on board-and taking the wings preserved them as a memento of the voyage. That morning some lively young men captured the bishop's two sons, and in great glee tied the boys to the masts as "spread-eagles." This was considered good fun by all parties concerned, but their tutor coming unexpectedly upon the scene, was shocked at the sight presented to his astonished gaze, and without a moment's consideration said what he thought, and carried off his youthful charges in triumph. Cape Verd passed, then the island of St. Antonio was plainly visible, though about thirty miles distant. Jack had his wish at last, and joyfully carried the news to Hart, who was writing in their cabin.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. Land in sight; come along. It is the first we have seen since leaving England."

Of course this appeal was irresistible, and the two were soon standing on deck, where most of the other passengers were already assembled.

After dinner Neptune's Donkey caused some good sport. This wonderful animal, of boundless sagacity, belonged to the sailors.

They generally made one on their "pay-day," or, more strictly speaking, in commemoration of having earned a month's pay. This was one of the days referred to. Two of the men were sewed up in a donkey skin, and this remarkable animal was led all over the deck, where its antics called forth merry peals of laughter from all quarters.

Heavy rain began to fall on the following Monday. The weather was close and warm between the showers. A most unwelcome visitant was now on board-one poor woman in the steerage lay ill with typhus fever.

The ship was sailing very fast, as the wind was favourable. The heavy rain was a God-send to those on board, who felt thankful when they were able to catch a few pailfuls of water on the awning. Water had become scarce, and the passengers had been very much stinted in their supply. Jack thought it great fun to catch the fresh, clear water, and by his own exertion obtained four pailsful. Now everyone was jubilant. Thirst under any condition is terrible to contemplate - but still more painful is the torture of being surrounded by water, yet not a drop fit to drink. As one of England's poets sings -

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath, nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink
Water, Water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."

Thankful indeed were our friends when the refreshing drops began to fall. Tuesday, at noon, the skies were clear, and the sun's blazing rays beat down relentlessly upon the ship, which lay motionless upon the placid waters. The *Castle Eden* was now only

about ten degrees from the “line,” and the voyagers felt as though they were, almost “fried to death.” The fine weather lasted four days, and the ship remained stationary for that period. The sailors spent a great deal of their time in sea-bathing. A shark, doubtless thinking that a good meal was within reach-made his appearance close to the bathers, and was soon captured by the sailors. The jaws were preserved for the prospective museum of Canterbury, NZ.

On the 1st of November the woman who had been suffering from typhus fever became unconscious, and died at eight o'clock. The circumstance cast a gloom over the whole ship. The weather was now cool and showery, but the ship still becalmed.

Next day, Saturday, rain fell heavily. At half-past 9 a.m. the mortal remains of Mrs. Scarrott were launched into the stormy waves. Nothing is more sad and affecting than a funeral at sea. The solemn words of the Burial Service seem doubly impressive on such an occasion.

Towards the afternoon the weather became squallish, and the rain increased. Three ships were in sight, but too far distant to hail. Mrs. Calvert presented a pair of handsome butter-prints to Jack, telling him that he would find them useful in' his island home.

In the evening Mr. Hart and our hero gave a party and the invited guests spent a jolly time. The doctor often gave return parties, which were of great renown throughout the ship. On this occasion the rain was coming down the hatchway, and water to the depth of six inches lay opposite the cabin occupied by the merry company of friends.

Sunday again, with cold rainy weather, but a steady progress of seven miles an hour towards her destination was made by the noble vessel. Three other ships were passing-homeward bound - but too far away to send letters home by; this, of course, was rather disappointing to our friends. Holy Communion, and a splendid sermon, called their attention from mundane affairs, and the day passed even more quietly than usual.

Jack was awakened early next morning by a noise near his couch, and soon discovered one of the sailors actively engaged in baling water out of the cabin. It had come down the hatchways during the night, and lay eighteen inches deep on the floor. Luckily Hart and Jack had on the preceding evening removed from the floor everything that might have been spoiled. The consequence of this little incident was the appointment of a "watch" from amongst the chief-cabin passengers, Jack being one of the "chosen few." Their duties were as follows: - 1st. To keep order on board. 2nd. To see that all lights were put out after 10 P.M. 3rd. To cover up the hatchways when it rained. The most difficult duty to perform was the enforcement of the second-named item on the list, viz., seeing that the lights were extinguished after 10 p.m. Some of the young men were very fond of reading in bed, and their lamps were often burning till an early hour in the morn. Now all was to be altered, and everyone addicted to night studies was forced to keep respectable hours.

"Please to remember the fifth of November," sang Jack. "Gunpowder Plot shall never be forgot, as long as Edinburgh Castle stands on a rock!"

"What fun we used to have in our schooldays," said the doctor, who was standing near. "I can remember many a huge bonfire lit for the purpose of burning an effigy of that arch-rebel Guy Fawkes. Yes, those were indeed jolly times!"

"We shall have to dispense with a bonfire, in consequence of our surroundings, but here is a veritable Guy," remarked Jack, as the sailors appeared with Guy Fawkes riding a donkey, and were going round for contributions. The comical-looking object astride the well-remembered favourite animal belonging to the sailors evoked shouts of laughter. Each masculine passenger was in turn importuned for rum or money, and each one, "if he wished to be considered a gentleman," had to cheerfully undergo such ordeals, as there was no way of getting out of it. Jack had to give each sailor a glass of rum, which cost him ten shillings. He thought it

"fine fun," and managed to enjoy himself amazingly a few days afterwards for his generosity on this occasion.

The weather was fine and cool, and as the ship was going on steadily, our friends were comfortable again, and spent the greater part of the evening on deck. Only one other vessel was in sight, and many conjectures were made concerning her. Now a musical voice is heard, and soon the sweet strain is floating far up in the evening air. The song ends; then a manly tone follows - it is our friend Willoughby, who sings-

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou doth mark the sparrow's fall,
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,
Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from slumber to wreck and death;
In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep."

Thus the hours sped on, and presently this large family circle - for they now appear as such - are again listening reverentially to words of comfort and of peace, which are read from the Book of Books by the bishop. Night has fallen and brought with her peaceful repose, and while the wind softly sings a gentle lullaby,

and the lapping waves murmur in response, our friends thankfully retire to their downy beds, and sleep descends to stay till the bright morn once more appears.

CHAPTER VII

CROSSING THE LINE.

FINE cool weather and a calm sea tempted Lord Montague and a few others to set out on a boating excursion. They intended to visit a brig which lay near - only about a mile and a half off Two barques and another brig were still farther away, and like the *Castle Eden* were waiting for a breeze to spring up to start them once more on their voyage. A breeze came sooner than was expected, and suddenly those in the boats found that they were in great danger of being left behind, and it was with great trouble that they managed to get on board.

Next day brought warm weather, and the ship was steering westward. Four other ships were in sight, scudding along with fair white sails outspread, like the wings of some huge sea-birds. Our friends amused themselves with fishing. The sailors caught two albercores, which weighed about fifty pounds. Some of the fish was cooked for dinner, and in taste resembled veal. It was voted excellent by those who partook of it.

In the course of the three following days several ships were sighted - two going home - but too far off to prove useful in the matter of mail-carrying. Saturday night, which happened to be the ninth of the month, and the birthday of the heir of the British throne, found our young friends - and the old ones as well - rather excited over the expected arrival of a most distinguished visitor, whose advent was the sole topic of conversation, but the ocean monarch did not put in an appearance after all.

Sunday was a nice fine day. Divine service was held twice, as usual. The captain has given the sailors leave to invite Neptune's

barber on board while the *Castle Eden* crosses the line, and all the gentlemen are - as Jack terms it - "in a funk" in consequence.

"Oh dear! I hope that some of us will escape that horrible shaving," says one of them in a dismal tone.

"One of us no doubt would escape," mocks another, if moans went for anything."

Monday came round in due course of time, and although the morning was very fine, heavy showers of rain and hail fell in the afternoon.

Neptune's ship appeared in sight at 6 p.m. and hailed the *Castle Eden* at 7.30. Then followed a string of questions:

"What is your captain's name?" came in a stentorian voice from the regal boat.

"Captain Thornhill."

"What is the name of your ship?"

"The *Castle Eden*."

"Where from?"

"Plymouth, in the British Islands, reigned over by her Majesty Queen Victoria."

"Where to?"

"Port Cooper, New Zealand."

"What is your cargo?" was the next question, to which a satisfactory answer was given.

Neptune announced his intention of coming on board at half-past nine on the following morning. This announcement caused a flutter of excitement amongst our friends, who presently saw Neptune's fiery chariot going away. To the initiated the chariot was nothing more than a blazing tar-barrel, which lighted up the dusky waters for a great distance.

At half-past nine, punctual to time, Neptune and his train came on board - quite a large party, consisting of Neptune, his wife and daughter, aide-de-camp, secretary, doctor and assistant, barber and assistant, savages, chief constable, twelve constables and policemen.

With much ceremony they shaved Fitzgerald, but no other of the chief cabin or intermediate passengers, all of these escaping by paying a fine of ten shillings each. All of the steerage passengers, with the exception of the feminine portion, were shaved. One of them imagined he was safely hidden from Neptune's observation in the depths of the coal-hole, but a search was made, which resulted in the would-be "escapee" being hauled and pulled from his hiding-place by the policemen, who carried their prisoner off in triumph. His wife, however, flew to the rescue, and she was promptly arrested, and cautioned. Neptune decreed that she, too, should be shaved, on account of her fighting proclivities, unless she promptly surrendered to his majesty. This terrible sentence completed extinguished the amazon's warlike ardour, and the latter alternative was accepted. This scene caused great amusement to the onlookers. Upon the whole the shaving was very good sport. The razors were made out of rusty hoop-iron, with teeth like a saw. Each victim was seized, and lathered with some horrible composition; if he cried out or struggled very much, a brush covered with this mixture was at once thrust into his open mouth. Then followed an ignominious bath—or rather, ducking-in a sail full of dirty water. The doctor and his assistant, previous to the bath, in every case administered the necessary pill, the composition of which I cannot mention. The shaving ended at noon; then the sailors began to sing and dance, some of their number playing on the violin.

The ship being now in the tropics, darkness fell over the ocean at seven o'clock, after a most brilliant sunset. Our friends were loud in their praises of the wonderfully clear blue skies which stretched overhead by day, and the darker hue and starry firmament of night.

Days passed quickly by; fair winds and weather still prevailed. The S.E. trade sent the ship along right merrily, so the passengers had nothing to complain of. But when about two hundred and sixty-one miles from the line, breakfasts, dinners, and teas were

abominably bad - rotten salt meat to eat, and bad water to drink. A few words of murmuring complaint escaped in consequence.

"I hardly care to go down to dinner," Hart remarked to Jack.

"There's not much chance of getting anything else but rotten meat and bad water."

"Ugh I we are in for a dose of it now, and no mistake."

"With no chance of improvement for some time to come. A delightful prospect, I must say."

"I wish we could get something from that Dutch ship; she is only about a mile and a half off."

"And in the same plight as ourselves, I'll wager." That's very probable."

The weather we have had this week ought to suit everybody. Those who like it hot had their choice the day before yesterday; those who prefer it cool were delighted yesterday; and it is warm enough to-day to melt one down."

"Tropical weather, you must understand; that is the reason."

"What are you scribbling now?"

"Only the position of our worthy selves," said Jack, with a laugh.

"The exact position on the globe that we are now occupying."

"You do not mean to say that you do that every day."

"Indeed I do. See, we were going at the rate of ten knots an hour on Wednesday; on Thursday at the rate of eight knots per hour, when we got into the southeast trade winds, and our latitude was $4^{\circ} 21'$, or 261 knots south of the line."

"Why, Jack, you will soon be as well versed in nautical knowledge as our worthy captain. You ought to have chosen the Navy."

"So I did," interrupted the youth. "I should have been in the Navy if I had gratified my own desires. But it was not to be," he added, with a sigh.

We cannot get all that we wish for, my friend," replied the other, philosophically. "But tell me where we are now?"

"Well, you see, we are going very fast; this is considered good fast sailing. Our latitude is exactly $10^{\circ} 8''$, or 608 knots south of the line."

"H'm! we have made over three hundred knots since Wednesday."

"Three hundred and forty-seven knots."

"We are getting along capitally."

"Here's good news," said Willoughby, approaching with a smile.

"The captain is talking about putting into some port in South America. We shall be able to get a fresh supply of provisions, which, goodness knows, we are in want of badly enough."

"Hurrah!" shouted Jack. "You have brought most welcome news."

"Did the captain mention any particular port," inquired Hart.

"Oh it was - why, I have forgotten - let me see. It was Rio - yes, Rio de Janeiro."

"I shall see America after all," exclaimed Jack enthusiastically.

"That you will," replied Hart, clapping him on the shoulder with a friendly hand.

The ship's course was changed at 7 p.m., and steered for Rio until midnight. The reason for so doing was on account of the rebellious conduct of some of the sailors. At midnight the captain altered his intentions, and the ship returned to her old course again.

Sunday passed in the usual way, and Monday had come round again. Favourable south-east winds had prevailed, and the *Castle Eden* was scudding quickly along, and was more than 1,000 miles from the line. Dancing, singing, and music were the chief amusements every evening. One of the sailors usually supplied the dance music, playing a violin. Our hero felt ill and tired as he sat quietly watching the whirling figures, and listened to the merry jests and peals of happy laughter. The air, coming fresh and cool, revived him somewhat and he soon retired from the festive scene. All the port-holes of the ship had remained open for a fort-

night, and the sighing winds and waves soon lulled the tired one to sleep.

Next morning the news that Mrs. Bowley had given birth to a son was circulated throughout the ship. The lady belonged to Bishop Jackson's train. Of course, such news caused a flutter of delightful excitement amongst the ladies, who gladly welcomed the little ocean stranger. Jack felt much better, and spent the greater part of the day in the perusal of Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." Deep in the interesting pages, Jack forgot the aches and pains that had been harassing him. Books do for the mind what food does for the body. Clever books thrill us with interest, and hold our attention as in a vice until the end. Then the brilliant passages which have delighted us are stored away in our minds for future deliberation. What a void there would be in our daily life if we were suddenly deprived of the pleasure of perusing our much-loved books—the companions of many lonely hours in our existence; the chief solace of many a solitary wandering one; the amusing and instructive favourite with those who love to retire from the strife and worries of everyday life, to while away a peaceful hour; a companion that is not likely to irritate our jaded and overstrung nerves with endless chatter, or annoy us by restless movements, as even our dearest and kindest friends are thoughtlessly apt to do. Note the attitude and bearing of a person who cares not for books or literature of any description. How aimless and restless are his movements, and how anxious he is for every other form of amusement, which far too often fails to satisfy the craving for excitement. Such an appetite soon grows insatiable.

But to return to the ship. During the day one of the cows suddenly fell dead. Upon investigation it was found that the cause of death was mortification of the heart. Lord Montague suggested that the flesh should be eaten, and to prove his sincerity had some steaks cut from the defunct animal. When these were cooked he ate them with great relish, declaring that the meat was "much to be preferred to the vile salt meat that had been on the table for

some time past!' Two days later "fresh meat" was partaken of by those of the passengers who were not so squeamish as Jack and one or two others who expressed their disgust at the idea.

By this time they were out of the tropics, and the weather became cooler. The thermometer fell during the week from 120 degrees to 80 degrees. The wind was still favourable, though variable, and the ship made but slow progress, at times rolling considerably, making several sea-sick, and thinning the ranks at meal-times.

Jack amused himself nearly all day by reading on deck, and watching the beautiful little flying-fish and their efforts to escape from their enemies, the dolphins, which were in hot pursuit. The blue bodies and silvery fins of the terrified little fishes glittered and flashed in the sunlight as they leaped and skimmed along the surface of the ocean with the lightness of swallows. The dolphins, with surprising swiftness and agility, leaped half out of the water after them, and seldom failed to seize and devour a helpless victim.

CHAPTER VIII.

MUTINY.

"And a good south-wind sprang up behind,
The albatross did follow;
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo! "

S. T. Coleridge.

ON the following Saturday the ship was going very slow, and Jack was just making a note in his pocket-diary, "Latitude 28° 9" when his attention was drawn to the main deck, whence came the sound of angry voices, which grew louder and louder.

"I wonder what is the matter," he ejaculated, and hurriedly ran to see, just arriving in time to see a sailor strike the captain.

"What is all this row about?" inquired Jack of Hart and several others who were congregated near the scene of disturbance, and looking on.

Lord Montague rushed up, hastily surveyed the scene, then as hastily disappeared below.

"The men are in a state of mutiny," replied Hart. "That fellow at first refused to do something that the captain ordered, so he just took hold of him and brought him here. Then those other fellows rushed to the rescue and took him away from the captain by force, and went so far as to strike the captain, which is a serious offence, and means imprisonment for the offender when we reach the Cape."

Lord Montague had now returned, and all eyes were turned to him in mingled surprise and amusement, as he stood with drawn sword, and loudly exclaimed, "I'll stand by you, captain!"

"You had better put that away. Stand back, and do not interfere," were the only remarks vouchsafed in reply by the captain, who

then ordered that the man who had struck him be "placed in irons."

This order was obeyed with alacrity by the unaffected sailors, who proceeded to handcuff the mutineer, and soon led him away.

"Those fellows used to be great favourites with Montague," said one of the whist players that evening.

"But he seems to have changed his mind."

"You are not the only one that has passed the same remark," laughed another. "There would have been bloodshed but for the captain's coolness and determination."

"Yes, indeed; that sword was rather a temptation to the angry sailors."

Like a red rag to a bull."

The captain wisely settled that part of the business."

"Yes. The sailors looked as though they wished they might have a chance to pay off old scores. I noticed one in particular who eyed him in a manner which boded no good for him if he got near enough."

"The captain's as strong as a lion, but if he had not put a stop to Mont's nonsense there's no telling where the row would have ended."

"The men are in a mood for anything to-night."

"If a certain party were to show his nose on deck to-night he would, perhaps, be roughly handled."

"I do not think that they will give any further trouble," said the doctor.

"Your deal, Jack. Yes, we are five by tricks, and honours divided."

The doctor was right, as the sailors gave in and resumed duty. The great "row" was peaceably settled on Sunday morning, but the handcuffs were not removed from the prisoner until Monday, when he promised the captain that he would behave properly in future, and on this promise was released from confinement.

The weather changed, and became cold and squally; the wind increased in fury, and the ship was knocked about - to use a sailor's term - "like blazes." The sailors were obliged to take in most of the sails in the teeth of the gale. Jack, however, was not to be done out of his reckoning. When the rain ceased, and the sun shone for a few minutes at noon, the sextant obligingly showed, and enabled him to note, "Lat. $31^{\circ} 50'$." This done, with a satisfied sense of having performed an important duty, he placed the book in his pocket and strolled up and down the deck, watching the sailors at their duties, and longing, as usual, to be for life upon the wild and tossing waters. All day long the storm raged, and the waves rose mountains high, while the wind howled dismally in the rigging. On went the gallant ship, bowing to the storm. Her timbers shivered and creaked, but held safe and sound throughout the violence of the raging elements. Night fell with an inky blackness, and our friends were glad to retire early. Some nervous ones lay listening to the deafening roar of the wind and waves, but Jack soundly slept through all.

Next morning the weather had changed completely. It was fine; the sun shone forth brightly. What sight could be more beautiful, on this bright sunny morning, than the proud ship, with her snowwhite sails outspread, skimming gracefully along over the foam-tipped waves - a rival to the snowy-clad gulls - and seemingly as buoyant? How exhilarating is the fresh cool air, and how health-giving the steady breeze which playfully tosses about the young man's curls with a caressing fondness! How fair and sweet Nature appears, with her cloudless blue skies, which are reflected as in a mirror by the heaving ocean-every wavelet to the east tipped with gold by the glowing sun. No wonder, then, that Jack and his companions felt in harmony with the magnificent and peaceful scene; and bursts of song arose from many a tuneful throat, from the sailors who merrily pulled the ropes, and the passengers who loitered or paced the deck to enjoy the morning's beauties.

Presently the breeze fell and the day grew warmer by midday the heat was scorching in its intensity, and there was a dead calm. A great number of birds were flying about the ship, chiefly Cape hens, Cape pigeons, albatrosses, and Mother Carey's chickens. Jack loved to watch the albatross - the king eagle of the ocean - poised in the air, or, as it seemed, floating with outstretched wings high overhead, or gliding smoothly along over the waves, ever and anon rising and falling, as it followed the motion of the rocking billows, seemingly without exertion, and enjoying its flight of freedom over the restless waters.

Jack was thus employed when he was joined by Hart and Willoughby, who also noticed the birds. They told several amusing stories about Mother Carey's chickens which they had heard from the sailors.

"Jack Tar says we shall have some more dirty weather," remarked Hart, "I as these chickens of old Mother Carey always come about a ship before a storm."

"I have heard that from them before," replied Jack.

"We shall see if there is any truth in their prediction."

"It is my belief that such predictions are all humbug," chimed in Willoughby.

"There is much likelihood in the truth of that assertion," observed Hart. "Come, Jack, let us know what is the latest nautical observation in your notebook."

"You still keep it up?" inquired Willoughby.

"Oh, yes; but sometimes I cannot get the reading on account of the rain. Today we are lat. $34^{\circ} 21'$ long. 14° west."

"Thanks for your valuable information," returned Willoughby laughing. "I never should know where we are but for your notebook. It is a good idea though."

"Jack ought to have been in the Navy, I have always said so," observed Hart.

"Phew ! it is hot."

Let us join the ladies in the saloon for awhile, it is cooler down there I daresay."

Evening came at last, and the expression of relief was general. How pleasant was the cool fresh air after the pitiless scorching rays of the noonday sun, which is bidding them good-night in a rosy glow, and golden rays still linger long after he has dipped beyond the western horizon, and the trembling cloudlets become transformed into a magnificent mass of changeful colour; gold-rimmed and ruby-tinted give place to deeper rose, gradually declining to purple. As the last golden ray of the departed sun disappears, and the deepest grey and dark purple prevails, the sky is bedecked with diamond jewellery - thickly studded with twinkling gems to welcome dusky night. Luna, a thin, bright,circlet, smiles approvingly, as she too in the west prepares to follow the sun's example, but not before she has seen her face reflected with the starry gems in the mirror of the shimmering ocean. Boreas is silent awhile, then a gentle zephyr comes sighing along and idly stirs the sails of the good ship, which eagerly spreads her white wings as though to fly once more, but all to no purpose. The breeze quietly came and as quietly passed on, just rippling the waters of the ocean in passing playfulness. Night had come after the toil and heat of the day, and every one, glad of the change, had brought rugs and shawls on deck to watch the sunset and enjoy the evening. One and all were remarking, "What a lovely evening!" Longfellow had just such an evening in his mind when he wrote -

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended."

Luna glanced slyly down at three particularly happy young couples who were promenading and talking nonsense suitable to the occasion, for the *Castle Eden* had her full share of lovers. Edwin and Angelina are generally to be found on board vessels bound for

long ocean voyages, and, manage to be happy under most circumstances. It matters little whether they are on sea or land so long as they are together. They are utterly oblivious to all discomforts during that peculiarly absorbing portion of their existence. Yes, the *Castle Eden* had her share indeed, as all on the ship were soon to learn. All such devoted knights and loving maidens do the same thing—get married and settle down to prosaic everyday life, imitating the example of their matter-of-fact elders. Would these particular couples hesitate? Certainly not Cupid has been busy, and at this very moment A- is asking Miss B- to name the “happy day.” What does she answer? Ah, it is not intended for our ears, but without doubt it is intensely satisfactory to A judging by his radiant smile, and - but we must - intrude no longer, it is hardly fair. Ah, there is D- asking the same question, I declare, and pretty Miss E- is blushing, no doubt, if one could but get a glance at her face. Love is a strange phenomenon pertaining to humanity, instantaneous, instinctive, and invincible, with varying intensity, and often intransmutable, a mystery of mysteries to the uninitiated. Well may the poet describe it-

“Like Dian's kiss - unasked, unsought –
Love gives itself, but is not bought,
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep impassioned gaze.”

We shall certainly hear more of this before the voyage is over. Here is a group of young men who seem to find the fragrant weed more delightful than the companionship of young ladies - or affect to do so. Perhaps, too, “grapes are sour,” as the fox thought when they were beyond his reach. Further on we see Jack and Hart. They are engaged in a lively discussion with the doctor, the captain's wife, and another lady. While enjoying the fresh evening air their thoughts have drifted back to the homes they have left in Old England, and their conversation is about their friends so far

away. Suddenly a song breaks forth - Willoughby is singing. His magnificent voice does full justice to the song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Each little group stopped their talk to listen, other singers followed, then all arose to attend family worship, which closed by the company singing the grand old Evening Hymn. Soon the ship was comparatively quiet, all having retired but a few gentlemen who usually stayed an hour or two later every night.

CHAPTER IX.

IN TABLE BAY.

BOREAS furiously raged and stormed, whilst rain fell copiously on the following morn. The elements warred all day, and by nightfall the gale had become a hurricane. This state of things continued, and the ship, which had got considerably knocked about, rolled tremendously, consequently our friends had a most uncomfortable time.

In spite of all these disadvantages the doctor and his companions found the deck attractive. Jack saw a grampus whale for the first time, and the others amused themselves by taking aim at the swooping albatrosses. The doctor shot one of the kingly birds, which fell with a broken wing within reach. A splendid specimen was thus secured. Two more of the birds were afterwards captured.

The weather now became exceedingly cold, which our friends would have taken no notice of if they had been in England; indeed, it would have been expected, as the usual November weather. But as they had just "sampled" a tropical climate the change was felt keenly. Rugs were in demand, and the winter attire was donned.

Sunday, the 1st of December, found our friends still wrapped up in furs, etc., as the weather had not improved. The day was dull

and gloomy. Divine services were held, but Sacrament was postponed until the following Sunday.

Next day the chief topic of conversation was about putting in at the Cape of Good Hope, and Jack gleefully exhibited the reading that he had just obtained from the sextant, lat. $35^{\circ} 58''$ south.

Another albatross was caught, and the lucky possessors of birds were discussing the easiest method of stuffing them. Mr. Calvert at once set about the work, and it is needless to say that he was surrounded by a bevy of admiring onlookers.

As the weather improved the ladies reappeared on deck, pleased, no doubt, to be once more out in the open air.

Jack was an ardent angler, and never tired of superintending the operations of the bishop's youthful sons, who gladly took the assistance offered when their lines became hopelessly entangled, or whenever they obtained a "bite." They were busily engaged when Jack managed to slip and sprain his ankle badly, which ended the sport for the day. He was resting in his cabin, when the bishop a short time afterwards paid him a visit for half-an-hour's chat. Jack was proud of his library, and lent the bishop "Louden on Gardening," and a "New Zealand Guide." The conversation as usual turned to the new home that they were about to make, and of the plans they had in hand. Many of those on board had brought plants, trees, and seeds with them, and anticipated the pleasure of making a garden which should be a mine of wealth and beauty around their cottage doors.

On Thursday the ship was not moving, as it was a dead calm. Long. $4^{\circ} 3''$ west. Next day the rate of speed was about one knot an hour as it was still calm.

The distance from the Cape was reckoned to be about 900 miles. The meridian was passed on Saturday, and the difference in time between that and Greenwich was an interesting fact to the young people on the ship.

A breeze now sprang up and sent the ship along merrily at the rate of eleven knots per hour.

On Sunday rough weather again prevailed, and Sacrament was once more postponed. A couple of the steerage passengers had their banns of marriage published by the bishop.

A gale being expected, all but four of the sails were taken down. Eleven knots per hour was the rate of sailing, and as the distance was now 500 miles, the captain hoped to be at the Cape on Tuesday.

On Monday a lot of the ugly, broad-nosed grampus whales were passed; they were judged to be about twenty-five feet in length. In the evening some excitement was caused by a mutiny amongst the women in the steerage. They mutinied against the doctor because he locked up a place that had become a nuisance to the ship. The women in defiance broke open the door and took possession, which was considered a fine exploit by the sailors.

It was not until Wednesday, the 11th. of December, that land was descried. At morn it was seen quite distinctly, and great preparations were made; the sailors got the anchor-chain in readiness. "One other ship is going the same way as ourselves," said Jack, as he prepared to ascend the main-mast. Soon he was seated on the mizzen-top busily sketching the Cape of Good Hope. Having completed his sketch he descended and placed it carefully in his desk, intending to send it with a letter to his mother.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." All had hoped to be at anchor by 3 o'clock that afternoon, but the wind changed to south-east, so that they had to tack back again in the same course that they had just come till nearly 12 p.m., then set sail for the Cape once more.

Thursday morning was fine, and our friends rose early - the knowledge that land was near was sufficient to arouse the most inveterate sluggard on board.

Yes, land was in sight again, and hearts beat high in expectation of going ashore soon.

How foreign-looking!" exclaimed impulsive Jack. "Yes, but a fine scene for all that," responded Hart.

"Do you not agree with me that it is different to anything in our home scenery?"

"Certainly ; it is entirely dissimilar."

"What a strange hill - with the flag on it! " chimed in one of the young ladies who had just come up.

"Yes," replied Willoughby. "That is the Lion's Hump, Head, or Rump - I forget which, but it does not signify much. The flag is used by the signal station. See - we are about to exchange signals; then they will signal to town to say that we are coming."

"Oh! I see. How very interesting! Let us watch to see how it is done."

Dinner was hastily despatched; all were anxious for a nearer view of the Cape of hopeful name. The ship cast anchor in Table Bay between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Then the wind rose and blew very hard. Some of the passengers went on shore, but Jack and his friends preferred to wait till the following day.

The wind blew still harder, until it became a raging gale, and all on board fully expected to be blown out to sea. Some excitement was occasioned by the efforts of a small boat which was tossing about on the foaming billows, at the mercy of wind and wave, striving in vain to make the shore. At last it was obliged to fetch to the *Castle Eden*, and the two sailors, with their passengers, got safely aboard. Another small boat was not so fortunate; it was blown adrift. The wind was from south-east, and the scene before our friends was most wonderful. The capital of the colony - Cape Town - is situated in a most beautiful spot at the base of Table Mountain, which towers above to the height of about 3,500 feet. This mountain is both magnificent and peculiar; it is flat and level at the summit - hence its name - and reminds one of a huge ruined fort. Immense fleecy clouds began to roll forward, and descending far down the sides of the mountain, hung like a huge dense shroud above the town. This cloud always makes its

appearance when the south-east wind blows, and, from its appearance and whiteness, is called the “Tablecloth.” The bay was now in an awful state, the waves lashing themselves into foam under the fierce fury of the wind. The scene was awe-inspiring in its grandeur, and it is not to be wondered at that our friends felt impressed by the peril of their position. The ships were indeed in a dangerous situation. Well earned is the sobriquet *cabo tormentoso*, bestowed by navigators in days gone by. Its storms call forth the name from those who are forced to undergo the unpleasant experience.

Rough was the storm, and mountains high rose the rocking billows, when night closed in; and few indeed of our friends were so heedless of their peril as to allow Morpheus to enfold them unconscious in his strong arms throughout the lonely midnight hours. Friday dawned clear and bright, and all signs of the gale had disappeared. Those who had remained on board now decided to go ashore as soon as possible. While idly lounging on deck, our friends were interested in the movements of a bumboat manned by natives, which soon pulled alongside and offered fruit and vegetables for sale. Gladly the voyagers bought the fruit, which consisted of oranges, lemons, pears, apricots, and Cape plums. The boat was loaded with other things, all of which were sold to the ship. Bread, tortoises, cucumbers, and all kinds of vegetables were much appreciated by our friends, who had been for so long weary of their beef and biscuit fare. Never was fruit more welcome, or vegetables more eagerly sought after.

The natives were considered horribly ugly by the ladies on board, and even the gentlemen were forced to admit that they were not handsome or prepossessing in appearance, and that their jargon was urimusical as well as unintelligible to English ears.

Jack and his friends - Hart and the brothers Willoughby - were soon ashore and taking a walk through the town, which they were much astonished at. The town was well laid out, and the streets well made and wide. Many have a stream of clear water running

through them, and are planted on each side with trees. The houses are all flat-roofed, but are large and commodious, and are chiefly built either of red granite or brick. The appearance of the town is neat and comfortable; there are some fine squares and lovely gardens. Splendid and elegant buildings meet the eye on every side. There are several churches, and other fine public buildings. After a long stroll through the town, the friends took a walk through the Government or Botanic Gardens, where the governor - Sir Harry Smith - resides. It is a very picturesque place, and there they saw some beautiful rose borders. The heat of the sun was scorching, and the skin was burnt off Jack's face, but still they plodded on. The new Roman Catholic church, which was in the course of erection, was the next attraction ; after inspecting it they thought it time to go somewhere for dinner. Several Europeans were to be seen about the town - all men - who were obliged to wear veils, on account of the dust and heat. The dust was, indeed, a nuisance. In numbers, natives predominated. No white ladies were seen abroad in the daytime; they did not go out at all, except in the evenings.

Our friends put up at Donaldson's Hotel, where they had, after dinner, some Cape wine, afterwards witnessing the performance of *Fra Diavolo* in a building which was half-circus, half-theatre. This, however, did not lessen the merits of the performance, which, on the whole, was very good. At its conclusion the friends returned to the hotel, where they drank the health of their captain in a bumper of Cape wine, and retired for the night.

CHAPTER X.

CAPE TOWN.

THE excessive heat forced our friends to admit that they would on no account live at Cape Town, beautiful place though it was. A magnificent view of the bay and surroundings was obtained from the summit of Table Mountain.

Devotees to the fragrant weed were laying in a stock of tobacco and cigars, which were very cheap. Havannahs were sold two for a penny. Manillas a penny each, and were excellent. A stick of Cavendish tobacco was procurable at the same price.

Saturday morning found the four friends soundly sleeping, and when they rose at eight o'clock it seemed like some new experience to find themselves ashore again. They breakfasted at nine o'clock, and returned to the ship at ten. After remaining on board a short time they determined to revisit Cape Town. A boat was at once got in readiness, and Jack and Hart were seated ready to start when a great row commenced on deck. Two sailors wanted to go ashore, but the second mate would not allow them just as the boat was putting off the two men slid down the mast into the boat, and would not move out again. The second mate, determined that they should not outwit him, at once made the boat's mast fast to the ship. This act caused a terrible row; not a man would help the second mate, and the boat thus lashed to the ship was violently knocked about by the sea against the sides of the vessel, and almost broken to pieces. Jack and his friend could not get out of the boat. At last the sailors in the ship let go the rope that held the boat fast to the Castle Eden. The two passengers wanted to go on board the ship again, but the sailors in the boat would not let them, threatening violence if they were not allowed to do as they wished. "We will put you overboard sooner than go back," they said fiercely, as they took possession of the helm, so our friends were forced to go ashore. As soon as

possible Hart and Jack went to inform the captain of the affair, which resulted in three of the sailors being arrested, and taken in custody for mutiny.

The first mate was tried, and sentenced to pay a fine of £5 or undergo two months' imprisonment.

On Sunday morning the majority of the ship's company went en masse to hear Bishop Jackson preach in St. George's Church.

The second mate, Calvert, and some of the men belonging to the *Castle Eden* were arrested and tried for refusing to do their work on Monday. Each got thirty days "nut-cracking." Fortunately the *Lady Nugent* was in port. She had just arrived at the Cape from New Zealand (having taken Mr. Robert Godley thither). The third mate (Mr. Heywood) of the *Lady Nugent* was promoted and took the position of second mate on the *Castle Eden*. This change and the trial settled the mutiny, and the rowdy sailors received their just punishment. The passengers were now able to return to the ship. Jack was seriously ill all night, and the assistant-surgeon was in attendance. Our hero was unable to rise until noon on Tuesday, when he got up and found the ship in a state of great confusion. Several policemen came on board and took away the rest of the men, and a few new sailors came to take their places. Jack was unable to go ashore till Wednesday, when he stayed until evening, and was forced to remain on board during the rest of the week through illness.

Saturday had come round again, and was the twenty-first day of December. The good ship *Castle Eden* once more made preparations for departure, and sailed from the Cape at noon. Jack was quite recovered from his indisposition, and felt glad to resume the voyage. He, however, stood and watched the land which was so quickly disappearing from view, and waved a farewell to Cape Town, whose open markets, under the spreading boughs of some trees, and watered streets, had so deeply interested him. (A stream of water was allowed to run through Donaldson's Hotel, for the purpose of cooling it.) He also

mutely bade farewell to the wondrous Table Mountain, whose rocky sides were overgrown by gorgeous flowering masses of wild geraniums, and to the curious "Lion's Hump," a mount which in shape resembles a lion resting with its head raised as though watching something. Jack watched till called for tea, where he found his friends assembled, and was soon seated among them.

A rough sea, mountains high, caused general suffering from *mal-de-mer*. Jack, in spite of it all, had sufficient courage to do full justice to a pair of fine geese that graced the dinner-table. Afterwards the sea became much rougher, and the passengers were considerably knocked about. Boxes and other articles had got loose and were rolling about the cabins in chaotic confusion. Divine service, and everything else, was conducted with difficulty, through the rolling and heaving motions of the ship. The bishop published the banns of marriage between two couples. One was proclaimed for the first time, and the other a second time. Cupid had indeed been active, and now Hymen was about to complete his work.

Next day was rough, warm, and windy, and on Tuesday the weather was much the same. In the evening there was great jollification, as it was Christmas Eve - yes, Christmas Eve at last, and a memorable evening to all at sea. Last Christmas Eve had been spent by the fireside at home, while the log blazed and crackled merrily on the hearth; merry voices had echoed throughout the house, to the music of the dancing feet of youth, while aged and dear faces had smiled approvingly. Now all was changed - in old England sweet Christmas carols were being sung, amid the glistening snow, and under the festoons of holly and mistletoe. The pilgrims who had set out in the first three ships were spending their Christmas in their new home, and in a warmer clime, while the Southern Cross shone brightly overhead. The *Cressy* was still at sea, and, as we know, the *Castle Eden* is traversing mid-ocean. The weather may be too warm and rough,

but what matters the warring of elements to those on the ship, for universal good-humour and merriment prevails. It is Christmas Eve - a season for joy and goodwill. The pilgrims are enjoying themselves in various ways. There is no holly or mistletoe hanging in the cabins, there is no snow-covered landscape, but all around is the restless heaving and tossing blue ocean, flecked with foam. How like, yet how totally different is the scene to any that the voyagers were familiar with - in England the same joyous merriment prevails, the same carols are being sung, the same music and dances are in full swing. Those who have left friends at home are thinking of old familiar faces, and the thought - with perhaps a sigh-rises, "I wonder if they miss me at home? "Meanwhile, in that far-distant home, the thought is uppermost, while the eye rests not upon some well-known figure, "I wonder where he (or she) is, and what he is doing now; does he think of us at home?"

The hour is late; presently the merriment ceases and the bishop solemnly offers up prayers suitable to the occasion, which his little flock join in devoutly.

On Christmas Day the weather was all that it should be - calm and clear. A short distance away were some sperm whales. These monsters of the deep were disporting themselves in the morning sunshine, while the passengers on the ship indulged in games and sports also. Nearly the whole day was thus spent. Of course there was a huge joint of roast beef, and the usual Christmas pudding, and sparkling champagne; many other delicacies graced the festive board, leaving nothing to be desired. Christmas at sea will never be forgotten by those who gathered around the table on this occasion.

Rough weather prevailed during the remainder of the week, and the wind raged fiercely, upsetting everything in the ship. In Hart and Jack's cabin on Saturday the wash-stand was completely smashed. The ship rolled tremendously, and our friends were obliged to hold on, or they tumbled about and slid from one side

of the ship to the other. Hardly any breakfast could be got, only cold meat and bread being obtainable. All sails were taken down, as the gale increased in fury, and many of those on board retired to their beds, but not to sleep.

Sunday, and the weather a trifle more calm than on the preceding day. A good breakfast was provided, which was greatly appreciated by the tempest-tossed voyagers. Divine Services were held as usual, and two marriages proclaimed. In the evening an extremely interesting ceremony-to the ladies-was performed, viz., the christening of Mrs. Rowley's infant. The tiny morsel of humanity was enfolded in the strong arms of the Church, and unconscious of its strange surroundings, was afterwards petted and admired by all the mothers and many of the younger ladies present.

On Monday the wind was dead against the ship for ten hours. Up to this time, since leaving the Cape, the wind had been favourable, always S.E. by E. The weather, too, was bitterly cold, but changed with the wind next day, when it was very warm, and the ship once again sped swiftly onward over the trackless waves. In the afternoon the deck presented an animated appearance; sports and games of various kinds were indulged in-as it was the last day of the old year. New Year's Eve was spent pleasantly. Another year had passed away, and many looked back to the last New Year's Day, and then thought of the present time-the opening of a new epoch in their life's history. The past year had brought much sorrow and many regrets to some, but not unmixed with gleams of happiness, while others had nothing to regret, and hoped that the coming year would prove to be as peaceful to them as the past. All had taken a strange and eventful path. What would the coming year bring forth? Who could answer? The ship, however, should keep up old customs, and the Old Year was "seen out," and his youthful successor welcomed in "amid the joyful and warm wishes for a Happy New Year."

CHAPTER XI.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WEDNESDAY, 1st of January, 1851, opened full of promise as far as the weather was concerned. The day was beautifully fine and fresh. Jack sat down to write a portion of a lengthy epistle to his mother. While at the Cape he had posted two letters and some newspapers, which would not reach her until the middle or end of February. His friend Hart was unwell, and listlessly lounging upon the couch. Jack had been assiduous in his care of his sick friend for the last three days, and knew that complete rest and quietness would in time effect a cure.

The next three days were cold, wet, and miserable, a terrible thunderstorm was experienced during the third night vivid flashes of lightning lit up the seething and warring waters, and deafening crashes from "Heaven's artillery", followed. But as Dibdin says —

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,"

which saying is held in great respect by many of the sailors. Providence had not destined our friends to a watery grave; the *Castle Eden* ploughed her way gallantly through the tempest-riven ocean - now in total darkness, and again lighted on her way by the blazing lightning which zigzagged and flashed across the murky sky. It was a weird and awful scene, holding one spellbound in awe and wonder. How small is man in the hands of the Almighty! how insignificant, and how helpless in Nature's convulsive fits of rage! When everything is fair and the sun shines brightly, man oft in his pride is apt to imagine himself supreme. A storm at sea, on land, or an earthquake, humbles the haughty head, and the strongest tremble before the manifestations of an unseen power.

Jack took advantage of the wet weather by turning out the contents of his boxes, and mending his clothes, which occasionally needed a little attention.

During Divine Service on Sunday a third marriage was announced. In the evening two of the children in the steerage died. After prayers, at eleven o'clock on Monday, the 6th of the month, the first marriage took place, between Mr. Roumsley and Miss Thurling, who were steerage passengers, and belonged to "the parish of the *Castle Eden*," as Jack facetiously termed it. Soon after the wedding, part of the "bridecake" was sent up, with the compliments of the newly-wedded pair.

joy and sorrow often travel hand in hand together in the afternoon of the same day the funeral of the two children who had died on the previous day took place, which had a saddening effect on the spirits of the bridal party.

All of the chief-cabin passengers were invited to a party in the evening, given by "The Ladies of our Honourable Company" (another of Jack's phrases), it being Twelfth Night. It is hardly necessary to state that their efforts were crowned with success, everything passing off in a pleasant manner.

Wintry weather once more prevailed, and the outlook was cheerless in the extreme. Some little diversion was created by the unruly conduct of the under-steward.

The captain, with promptitude, settled the matter by administering a thrashing, and Henry behaved better for the future.

During the calm weather that followed Mr. Freestone caught four albatrosses, and Mr. Mason one. Jack became the proud possessor of one of the bird's beaks, which measured seven inches in length. On the 8th the ship passed St. Paul's by about a hundred miles to the south.

Next day another wedding took place, Mr. Davidson being the happy bridegroom on this occasion.

Fair winds enabled our voyagers to get along very fast for three days, when the rate of sailing was reckoned to be about two hundred miles per day. A heavy hailstorm passed over, and it became much colder again.

On the 13th of the month and two following days the speed of sailing slackened, and became very slow. A piece of seaweed floated past, which was an object of interest, and attracted much attention.

Jack spent a great deal of his time in netting, which was a favourite occupation with several of the gentlemen on board. Mr. Skinner and Jack made a very large net All of the birds now disappeared, not a solitary gull was to be seen, and the ship's little feathered companions were greatly missed.

On Thursday, the 16th of the month, the *Castle Eden* arrived off Australia; this caused much satisfaction. The day proved to be an eventful one on board. The first mate, Mr. Reid, fell from the maintop, and three or four sailors fell on top of him Mr. Reid received a severe shaking, and his leg was so badly hurt as to render him unfit for duty. In the evening one of the steerage passengers, Mrs. Johnstone, hailing from Biggate, gave birth to a child.

Evening parties continued fashionable, and each one seemed to be more jolly than the last. Our friends now began to speculate how much longer they would be able to enjoy the good stories and songs on board the staunch old ship, which had become a home to them all.

For two more days they swiftly neared their destination, then the wind fell, and cold weather set in.

The marriage of Mr. Francis McArdle and Miss Sarah Collins took place on Tuesday, the 21st, immediately after morning prayers. This was the third marriage on the ship. During the afternoon the bishop visited Jack and his friend Hart in their cabin, and stayed an hour. "We shall not be able to have many more talks together

at sea, Jack," said the bishop as he rose to depart, I but I hope to see you often when we are ashore."

"I hope so," returned Jack we shall often think of the happy days spent in the *Castle Eden*."

"I shall not care to leave the old ship," remarked

Hart with a sigh, "All things come to an end, and I suppose our voyage will also in the course of a week or two."

Cold, rainy weather still continued. A heavy gale was experienced on the 24th. Next day a complete change took place, and it became quite warm. A child was born during the afternoon; its mother was Mrs. Wheeler, in the steerage. A curious fact, worth noticing, is that during the voyage there were three marriages, three births, and three deaths. This enabled the *Castle Eden* to arrive with her full complement of passengers.

Mr. Reid now resumed his duties, having almost recovered from the effects of his late fall from the maintop. A large comet was visible every evening.

The warm weather seemed to have brought back all the sea birds, which appeared in great numbers, the sea being literally covered with them. Cape-pigeons were more numerous here than anywhere else. Jack managed to catch one of them. A dead calm fell on the 28th, and but slow progress was made during the two succeeding days. Mrs. Johnstone had her little daughter baptised, the name given being Harriet.

The ship was now reckoned to be off Stewart Island.

On Friday a strong westerly wind was blowing; the ship had to tack back N.W then to S.E. A thick fog then fell, and nothing could be seen thirty yards from the vessel. All of the ordinary sails were taken down, and the short sails put up in their place.

Saturday was the 1st of February. The wind had greatly fallen, and things became more comfortable. A great number of the sailors were Scotsmen. One named Littlejohn (nephew of an Edinburgh confectioner) was a very good singer. Hart and Jack invited Littlejohn and another sailor, named Heive, to their cabin

one evening, and were greatly pleased with their songs and concertina playing. The two sailors were not going in the ship on her return to England, as they had started with the intention of staying in Canterbury.

Divine service on Sunday commenced three-quarters of an hour earlier than usual, as every one was expecting to see for the first time the distant outline of their adopted land, and the bishop, in consideration of the general feeling of expectancy - which, without doubt, he shared - cut the sermon short. All were mistaken and disappointed. At twelve o'clock, though only forty-five miles distant from Otago, land was invisible. All day there had been a heavy swell on the sea.

Monday was fine and clear, and the first thing that attracted Jack's attention when he rose early that morning was the great quantities of seaweed which continually floated by, also a new kind of bird which was flying about. Bank's Peninsula was sighted at twenty minutes to one o'clock, then excitement rose to fever height. The vessel now commenced tacking about. All night the sea around Bank's Peninsula appeared to be quite red. This curious colouring was given to the waters by the presence of myriads of small insects.

After breakfast next morning the *Castle Eden* was in sight off Bank's Peninsula. Those on board the ship were enabled to obtain a closer view of the land of their adoption. The coast was irregular, and the Peninsula was almost covered with trees. The day was beautiful and warm. Jack's first opinion of his new home was that it was "indeed lovely!" Birds and fish were in abundance. The wind suddenly went down, and anchor was cast between Pigeon and Victoria Bays. A sail was in sight, supposed to be a vessel on her way to Otago. Bishop Jackson took round a paper, and obtained the signatures of all the passengers in the ship. This was then presented to the captain as a testimonial, thanking him for having brought them safely to the end of the voyage.

Jack was in his element during the afternoon, being allowed to hold the helm while the ship was casting anchor and furling the sails. The *Castle Eden* was now within fifteen miles of her destination.

Jack rose at half-past three next morning and helped to set the sails, but no sooner was the anchor up than the wind began to blow very hard, and drove the mizzen boom and sail quite to leeward. The wind continued strong until three p.m., when land was quite out of sight again.

Land was sighted once more on Thursday, which turned out to be a fine warm day.

A dead calm then came, and the sun felt almost as hot as when crossing the line. The ship now remained stationary eleven miles further north of her position on the preceding day. The captain was suddenly taken very ill during the morning, but to the delight of all on board recovered towards the evening.

When morning dawned on Friday, the 7th, the *Castle Eden* was quite close to land, slowly sailing towards her destination - Port Cooper. The bishop held a long, friendly chat with Jack, promising to see him and give any needful instruction during his stay in Canterbury; also to visit Jack's mother, when he returned to England, and tell her all the news about her absent son. Jack, it is hardly necessary to say, felt very grateful to the bishop for the kindly interest he had taken in him during the voyage.

To Jack's unbounded delight the captain said, "as hands were short, he could take the helm and steer into port." Jack needed no second telling; he was pleased to find that the captain had such confidence in him, and determined to prove worthy of the trust. Accordingly our hero was at the helm when the *Castle Eden* arrived and cast anchor in Cooper Bay at half-past twelve o'clock.

CHAPTER XII.

CANTERBURY.

MR. FITGERALD's brother Mr. J. E. Fitzgerald, [Now Mr. J. E. Fitzgerald, C.M.G., Auditor-General for New Zealand] who was immigration agent and afterwards was a superintendent of the colony, and had arrived by the *Charlotte Jane* in December, came on board the *Castle Eden* soon after her arrival, and after greetings had been exchanged and news given, took Bishop Jackson, his wife and family, and a few others ashore. Jack and the rest of his friends remained on board. He had become so attached to the ship that he felt quite sorry to leave her, and seriously felt inclined to return in her to England. When the passengers began to go ashore it seemed to be like breaking up home again. All knew each other so well that they had become as one large family. Yes, the voyage of one hundred and twenty-three days was ended at last; our friends were now at the other end of the world, and a strange new world it seemed to be to the new arrivals. A large number of visitors came on board next day to welcome friends and to make new acquaintances. On every side inquiries were made for "home" news, while the voyagers as anxiously asked about the new country.

Lyttelton in 1851, the temporary home of the colonists who had arrived, was a curious-looking place, but had a business-like air about it, although the dwellings, &c., on the hillside mostly consisted of huts, a few rough shanties, and tents. A barracks was in readiness for the new arrivals. The place presented the appearance of a bee-hive, as men, women and children, all came out to look at the ship, and last but not least, to welcome their fellow colonists when they should come ashore. A few Maories also were about.

On Sunday the Rev. Mr. Dudley went on board the *Castle Eden* and held Divine Service. The day was exceedingly hot.

The sailors struck and refused to work on Monday, which caused a little trouble. Jack now went ashore for the first time and sought out some friends of his, Mr. Townsend and family. After delivering some letters to them from friends in England, they had a long chat about their voyages. Mr. Williams was there also, and recounted his experiences. When Jack left he met three of his shipmates - Mr. Hart, Mr. Freestone and Mr. Beardmore - and went with them to see a map marked by Mr. Wakefield when he chose Jack's piece of land. This seen and approved of, the friends started for a long walk over the mountain which lay between them and the Canterbury Plains. Up the steep hillside they climbed, following the curving lines of a narrow bridle-track.

"Is there no other way, I wonder?" queried one, as he paused for a moment for the purpose of raising his hat to cool his heated temples. There was nothing for it but to plod on, and this our friends did. At last they reached the top of the parched and barren hill. The bridle-track by which they had ascended part of the way had been lost sight of long before the summit was reached, so they had picked their way anywhere and everywhere when a secure footing could be obtained. Panting breathlessly after their hard struggles-and the exertion required to climb the hill was great-they paused to gaze upon their future home. Before them, under the dazzling sunlight, lay a vast extent of bare, treeless, flat yellow plain. Treeless, save for a few solitary cabbage-trees dotted here and there. Dry and scorched from the summer's heat, save where the flashing river wound its silvery path, or a huge swamp, with its mass of flax, rape, and waving *toi-toi*, stood out like an island of vegetation. Lank tussock grass and fern covered the rest of the land, resembling a sea in the fierce glare of the sunlight.

Far in the distance could be seen the Riccarton, Papanui, Kaiapoi, Rangiora, and Ohoka forests - by colonials called bush. Away in the background lay a snow-clad mountain range, showing plainly

in the clear air-eternal snow, which tipped the mountains on which the friends now gazed in wonder and surprise.

"Well, I must say that I thought this mountain step enough to climb, but those would put this to shame," was the first remark.

"They are sublime," responded Jack.

"What do you think of the plains?" asked Hart, throwing himself down upon the dry fern to rest, an example which was speedily followed by his companions.

"Jack, who was busily engaged taking a sweeping glance at the country beyond, with the aid of a powerful telescope, did not answer.

"They are as bare as the face of a youth of fourteen," remarked Mr. Freestone, laughing.

"Strange looking country," said Mr. Beardmore.

"The bishop will have to hunt a long time for that college site, if, as he told us in England, it is to be erected under the very first tree."

"That he will; the choice lies between flax-bushes and cabbage-trees, but I am afraid that it will not afford him much satisfaction as far as shelter is concerned."

"No."

"Does it strike any of you that rain does not appear to be too plentiful here?" asked Hart.

"I was only this morning speaking to McFarlane about it. He says that the weather has been hot, with little or no rain, since they arrived here."

"By the appearance of the country, rain is badly wanted."

"Hum I Well, to tell you the truth, I don't like the lace much," said Hart.

"It is time we were moving; "the speaker rose as he spoke.

"Perhaps under a closer inspection things may present a more favourable aspect."

"Yes," agreed Beardmore." It is about time we made a start, or we may have to camp out on the plain supperless tonight. Let us get along as soon as possible to Mr. Dean's farmhouse."

"I suppose that is the survey camp out there," remarked Jack.

"Where?"

"Do you see those tents straight ahead - here, take my glass."

"I see them now. Yes. John Cowell Boys [The late John Cowell Boys, C. E, was one of the earliest officers of the Canterbury Survey Department.] is out there, I believe."

Jack stopped a moment longer to cast a lingering look over the panoramic scene before rejoining his companions in their walk-first across the sea at the rugged Kaikouras, lighting in turn, admiringly, on the magnificent peaks of Mounts Grey, Torlesse, Hutt, Somers, Peel, and Four Peaks; skimming the fading line of ranges far to the south, returning again to Mount Torlesse, with its snowy cap, and to the glorious rich masses of bush-the Oxford and Kowai forests. The rivers next claimed his attention - the Waimakariri (often called in jest the "Why-make-me-dreary" by our colonists), with its numerous pathways to Pegasus Bay, and the Selwyn, Heathcote, and Shakespeare (the name of the latter was afterwards changed - the river is known now as the Avon), as they meandered over the plain, and with the smaller streams, creeks and lagoons, glittered like silvered glass in the sunshine. Having satisfied his curiosity as to the geographical features of the country, Jack hurried after the others, who were some distance ahead, and informed them that he was well pleased with the appearance of his future home. It was magnificent country, and he declared his intention to carry out his resolutions concerning it, to the letter if possible, at any rate as far as it was in his power to do so. To this his friends agreed, as slipping and stumbling over steep places they descended, and it was not without a fall or two that they reached the bottom of the hill. "We shall no doubt get used to it in time," was the philosophical remark at each mishap. Then the little party briskly stepped along over the trackless

plain; over the tangled tussock grass, and through the wiry fern, in some places through tutu and fern which towered above their heads. [The present site of Christchurch was covered with tutu and fern, which grew above the height of an average man.] It is needless to say that by the time they had reached Mr. Dean's farmhouse they were "dead-beat" with fatigue. Here they were hospitably entertained by the owner, who, to their surprise, plucked from trees in his orchard some delicious plums, which proved agreeably palatable and refreshing to the weary travellers. After tea, and a long conversation about the country and numerous other subjects, our friends were only too glad to retire to rest. A raupo whare, on the way back to Lyttelton, sheltered them for the night, and it must be confessed that they thought ruefully of their long-left soft beds and downy pillows, as they lay vainly courting sleep on their rough couches. Jack's was a short table, the three others stretched themselves upon forms. The only covering obtainable was a few bits of torn blankets, and a child's blanket, which was only large enough to cover Jack's feet, and fell to his share, the others taking the pieces between them - in fact, they could have done as well without any at all. The night seemed endless, but all things have an end, and morning dawned in due time. Six o'clock found our friends astir, and by eight they had once more started on their return journey. Lyttelton was reached at twelve o'clock, and Jack went on board the *Castle Eden*. He stayed on board all next day, and on the day following, Thursday, went ashore and got a permit at the "Customs House" to remove his luggage from the ship to shore. He now learned that everything in New Zealand was very expensive, then returned to the "much-beloved" ship.

Having packed up all his effects on Friday, Jack had them at once brought ashore, and at four o'clock that afternoon took up his temporary residence in the barracks, where he dined at 6 p.m., afterwards going for a walk - along the "new road"- this was the Sumner road, and was being formed. Jack felt lonely - leaving the

Castle Eden, seemed like snapping the last connecting-link between himself and home, and at times, it must be confessed, he half regretted that he had not taken his passage back in the good old ship.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHRISTCHURCH.

THE barracks was a long, low building, with small rooms partitioned off; Hart and Jack shared one of these. They had an indifferent night's rest, as the fleas were numerous and lively. Early in the morning they arose and went for a bathe, which proved refreshing after the night they had spent.

Bishop Selwyn arrived shortly after, in his yacht, which caused a little stir and excitement. Jack and Hart had to turn out of their room and go into a smaller apartment, to make room for the fresh arrivals. So ended the first day at the barracks.

The next day was Sunday, the 16th of the month. After breakfast Jack was aimlessly rambling about, when he heard a strange noise which seemed to proceed from the portion of the barracks used as a schoolroom. Curiosity prompted him to turn his steps thither. He found Bishop Selwyn teaching the Maories - "New Zealanders" Jack and the colonists called them. After instructing the natives, the bishop read prayers and preached to them in their own language. The bishop spoke Maori fluently, which surprised Jack greatly, but he was astonished still more to see that the natives each had a Bible, and many could read it.

On Monday our youthful friend dined at an eating-house, where he saw Mr. Fox, of Portobello, but held no conversation with him, as several others were between them at the table. [Mr Fox was then with the New Zealand Land Company.]

Tuesday turned out boisterous and windy. Jack dined at the eating-house, and meeting Mr. Fox, had a long conversation with

him. Mr. Fox was able to describe, and give a great deal of information about, New Zealand, as he had travelled over a great part of it. During the day Jack visited Bishop Jackson, and got his old friend to witness his signature for the Royal Navy Pension. Afterwards he went for a walk with Mr. Calvert, who introduced him to the leading colonists on the plains, and promised to introduce him to others when opportunity offered.

Next day Jack and Mr. Beardmore took their guns, and went for a day's shooting. Ducks; wild hens, and other birds were plentiful, both on the hills and plain, but they bagged no game. Keeping his promise, Mr. Calvert met them and introduced Jack to the Rev. J. Kingdom.

On the 21st Bishop Selwyn left Lyttelton, again sailing away in his yacht. Mr. Calvert took Jack to call on Mr. McFarlane, who was factor for Mr. J. W. Russell. They met Mr. Cookson there, and all being invited to dinner, stayed, of course, and enjoyed themselves. Jack at this time was very much puzzled what to do, and where to go, as he was heartily tired of an idle life at the barracks-and in the course of conversation mentioned the fact; Mr. McFarlane invited him to stay for a short time. This invitation was readily accepted, and Jack in return offered to lend his host "a hand" with whatever work he was engaged in. Accordingly next day found him hard at work spreading gravel around the dwelling, and making a footpath, where formerly mud reigned supreme.

Working labourers in the little settlement proved to be extremely independent-very much so-and were hard to obtain, so our friends worked late and early to make things in their new home more comfortable. Many a dainty lady had to turn to and cook her own dinner, wash, and do the family mending, while hands of the sterner sex, that had never before handled pick and shovel, became blistered and torn while mastering the difficulties of navvying, &c. The pilgrims expected hard work, and they got it

with a vengeance. To their credit, be it said, that they faced each difficulty bravely.

Sunday was one of those delightful warm and calm days, with a cloudless sky, which rivalled the famed Italian for azure blueness. Our young friend attended Divine Service, at which a collection was taken up for the purpose of imparting instruction to the natives.

On the following day a ship was in readiness to sail for England. Jack contributed to the bulky mail bags by sending a letter and portion of his "journal" or diary home for the benefit of his family circle. Many an anxious gaze was directed to the vessel as she sped away through a thick drizzling mist, and soon was shut out from human vision. Many a heart pang was felt, attuned no doubt in harmony with the dismal day. However, the sun broke forth through the clouds in the afternoon, dispelling the mists from both land and the human brain.

The garden walks were completed and Jack found time beginning to hang heavily on his hands once more. Netting was now welcomed as an occupation. Mr. McFarlane proved to be a jovial host, and being the fortunate possessor of a piano, the musical evenings were a treat Mr. McFarlane and his daughter being able performers, the music and singing were specially good. Jack's thoughts on these occasions would always return to his native land, where, with the companionship of three young and charming girls-Miss Barbara Spence, and her sisters Isabella and Mary-many similarly enjoyable evenings were spent.

Having stayed for five days with Mr. McFarlane, Jack thought it time to have a look at his own property on the plains, and started on the 27th with Mr. Cookson and party. All of these he liked very much. The tramp over the hill and plain proved extremely fatiguing to the pedestrians. Jack felt tired, yet tramped along, while some of the party forged ahead, and others fell into the rear. Soon they were benighted-some in one place and others far distant. Jack was alone in the midst of a wild waste, beyond reach

of human voice - a strange experience to him. No sound came through the "air save the whirr of a passing duck, and the mournful cry of a solitary weka, which was presently re-echoed by a score or more of its wingless companions. Blacker grew the darkness, and Jack now knew that he would have to sleep or camp out all night. It was a case of bare ground and no blankets. Sleep came, notwithstanding the absence of the usual luxuries, but morning found him rather stiff and cold. Glancing at his watch, Jack saw it was nearly six o'clock, and rising, started once more for Christchurch. Arrived there - or rather at an eating-house (a whare which stood in Hagley Park) - in time for a good breakfast, he satisfied hunger's demands, then wended his way to the Land Office (another imposing edifice of a similar description to the foregoing one) and saw by the plans where his land was located. Having found it out (on paper land always looks well), Jack saw that it was a nice selection, and felt quite proud of his possessions. Who would not have felt pleasure - when, besides suburban sections, one's name was attached to a central one in the city that was to be, and a triangle at that? Most people would have felt gratified under the circumstances.

Lyttelton and how to get there, was Jack's next consideration. The difficulty was only to be overcome by starting to walk there at once. Horses to ride were unthought of luxuries to the majority of the colonists in these early days, and they were not dependent on the equine race whenever they wished to take a journey. Although the hill, which barred the way betwixt Christchurch and Lyttelton, was an obstacle which was calculated to cause some alarming and disquieting fears, it was no uncommon occurrence to meet ladies as well as gentlemen on the road, heavily laden with the necessities of life. We eat to live, and those who wished to live were not too proud to tramp from Christchurch to Lyttelton to procure provisions. These and other necessities were thus transferred from port, sometimes varied by way of a change by being sent round by boat from port up the

Avon or Heathcote rivers, according to their owner's respective locations; at other times by being packed on horses over the bridle-path.

We left Jack considering his return to port. To think was to act, and he sallied forth, reaching Lyttelton at seven o'clock in the evening, and soon was seated at tea with his friends the McFarlanes. The genial host congratulated "the laddie" on his good fortune. Mr. Hart, of course, heard all about Jack's land from that elated young gentleman, and decided that it was time that he went to see about his own selection. Putting theory aside for practice, he started for the plains early next morning.

Jack remained in port. His journey on the preceding evening had been most disagreeable, the track being swampy and muddy, while a cold wind blew, accompanied by drizzling rain. As it was Saturday he elected to stay in port until Monday, and accepted his friend's pressing invitation to do so.

Several vessels arrived during the afternoon, among them the *Isabella Hercus*. Rain fell heavily during the evening, and the thermometer stood at 60°.

Rain, rain, still rain on Sunday, and only three degrees warmer than Saturday. Jack and other unhappy mortals walked or "floundered" to church, continually sinking past their ankles in mud. Mud was everywhere. As might have been expected, the devotees were few; the church was nearly empty. Jack counted a "baker's dozen" who had braved the elements, beside himself

Monday was a very warm day, and our young friend thought about returning to the plains, with this result, to use his own words - "*I ought to go to-day, but it is too swampy.*" The sheets of water and intermittent mud were not a pleasing prospect to the traveller's eye.

On Tuesday morning he ventured forth in company of Mr. Cookson, and got as far as Mr. Dean's place, about five miles past the Riccarton Bush, where they stayed all night.

Next day was raw and cold. Jack bade farewell to Mr. Deans, and proceeded to visit Mr. Phillips. During the day he decided that he would stay as cadet to that gentleman. Having made an agreement to pay £100 per annum, for which sum he was to receive in return a thorough education in agriculture and sheep-farming, Jack stayed there during the remainder of the day and night.

CHAPTER XIV.

JACK AS CADET.

“Neither locks had they to their doors,
Nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day
And the hearts of their owners.”

* * * * *

“Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.”

Longfellow.

THE following morning Jack once more took road for Lyttelton, and again he took tea with Mr. McFarlane. After tea he had a game at cards with his host and Mr. Russell, spending a very pleasant evening. Jack stayed all next day with his old chum Willoughby, and lent a helping hand. It was one of the many pleasing customs of those good old days, when each member of the little community helped the other, living in good-fellowship with one another. All has now changed. No one can enter his neighbour's house in the present day and take a “cup of tea” and pass out again without being arrested for burglary or some similar offence. No one would dream of doing such a thing in our prosaic age. In using the word *take* - to *help oneself* in the absence of every member of the household is meant. In the good old days anyone could do so, as it was an understood thing among the company of friends that if they were on a journey, and stopped to rest at tent, whare, mud-walled mansion, or shanty, they were welcome to enter, and, failing to find the owner or any member of the household within earshot, the hungry traveller was at liberty to visit the cupboard and partake of its contents. This, the writer knows, has often been done, and has been the means of lightening

the heart and raising the depressed spirits of many a weary pilgrim.

Jack met an old Portobello acquaintance in Lyttelton, which gentleman, in colonial parlance, "stood Sam" at the eating-house. Starting in the rain next day, Jack intended to return to the plains. A thick mist fell on the hills, and he lost his way, and only succeeded in regaining the track when thoroughly drenched. Walking now became disagreeable, and the heavy load of things that he struggled onward with rendered it more so.

On the way he overtook the Rev. Mr. Willocks, who was termed "the cast-iron priest" by many of the pilgrims and was reputed in England to be a High Churchman. Jack was pondering as to whether he really deserved such a reputation, and decided that he would go and hear him preach at the first opportunity. The following good story is told of that gentleman.

One day, while taking a ramble, Mr. Willocks heard a bullock-driver using profane language to his bullocks while driving them.

"My good man, you really ought not to swear like that" he began, in remonstrance. "You ought to speak gently to the poor animals. Let me show you how to do it." Taking the whip, he proceeded to illustrate his lesson to the bullock-driver thus - "Gee, Rover! Gee, Barney! Get up, Blucher!" in his mildest and most persuasive tones. The bullocks simply stood and took no notice; still he continued to implore them to "Gee!" until, wearied and disappointed by their bovine stupidity, he relinquished the whip, sadly remarking, "*Well, my man, I really think that there is some excuse for swearing when driving a team of bullocks.*"

At four o'clock Mr. Phillip's home was reached, and Jack was not sorry, as he felt thoroughly tired out. Next day being Sunday - the first in Lent - Jack went to church. Rev. Mr. Willock read the service, and Rev. J. Kingdom preached the sermon. As it was a fine, warm day Jack paid Mr. Fendall a visit, and took tea with him.

On Monday he went down to "The Bricks" to see after Mr. Phillip's wood. ("The Bricks" wharf was a landing-stage from the Avon, opposite the old cemetery. Parcels and packages were brought there by boat from Lyttelton, and were left on the bank. They would sometimes be missing when the owner came to take possession of them, Everything brought there was put down, and remained totally unguarded from thieves and unsheltered from rain.) Jack found the wood all right, then went to help Fred Phillips to build a "house" in which the two were to live temporarily. They got all the "posts" ready. Mr. Phillips - or "the governor," as he was called by Fred and his companions - was now living in a "house" of his own. It was constructed of "wattling daub," or, to put it more plainly, clay and grass mixed. Jack was suffering from a severe cold, which was the result of the drenching he had received on Saturday.

On the following day he cleared and dug a piece of ground on Mr. Fred Phillip's section, in which he sowed haws. Thunder was intermittent during the day, and at nine o'clock in the evening a heavy thunderstorm was experienced. The lightning flashes were exceedingly vivid. Later on it rained, and blew furiously from the southwest. The water ran into the hut in which Fred Phillips and Jack were sleeping, and the latter got very wet in his blankets. This did not improve his cold, but helped on a severe illness. Rain continued, the hut was flooded out; its inmates in self-defence ventured out and dug a deep ditch to carry away the waters which poured down towards their dwelling. Everything was comfortless within and without the hut. Wild duck was plentiful, and as there was nothing else to do but sit in a dreary atmosphere of drifting dampness, the two friends caught up their guns and fired at the ducks as they swam past the door, for the sake of amusement, and to break the dull monotony of the ceaseless dripping rain.

Fine weather came at last at the end of the week. Clothes and blankets were taken out and hung up to dry. Everything had been soaked by the rain, but the sun had come out - as it usually does

after heavy rains — “scorching hot,” and “things” would speedily dry and become more pleasant. Jack still felt weak from his late illness, and was thankful for the change. He was able to do a little gardening in the afternoon, which in the warm air proved a pleasant occupation, and took some of the stiffness out of his limbs. The lovely day terminated with a beautiful moonlight evening.

From the quantity of hawthorn and tree seeds that the two friends sowed next morning, it was evident that the Canterbury plains of the future would not be treeless, if their efforts were crowned with success.

Cooking was taken in turns, and as it was Jack's day to attend to “kitchen duties,” he set to work accordingly. In the afternoon he started to cook some potatoes in hot wood ashes. Perhaps many of our readers will exclaim, “How?” But potatoes treated in that manner need only to be tried to be appreciated. They are excellent, and were in favour with most of our early colonists. But to return to the youthful cook. He was cutting up some wood to replenish the fire, when the knife slipped, with the result that Jack lost the top of his thumb and a slice off the forefinger of his left hand. This caused great pain, and incapacitated him in the culinary department for a considerable time.

When sufficiently recovered from his accident Jack proceeded to fence in his own garden, and early in the year - for it was only the 17th of March - sowed maize. Fencing was the chief occupation for several days.

The 19th was a red-letter day, being the birthday of one of Mr. Phillip's daughters, when the whole party were regaled with roast beef and plum pudding for dinner.

“I wish they would give us a good dinner every day,” said Jack's companion, as they sauntered back to their own domain.

“It would save us a lot of cooking, too,” Jack remarked, then added, ‘I am going to Lyttelton this afternoon to see about some of my things!’

"You will not be able to fetch much over by yourself."

"I intend to bring my carpet-bag and writing-desk, at any rate. I will make arrangements to have the rest of my luggage brought up to The Bricks."

"The Days will bring them for you.'

"Yes; I intend to employ them, or old Dick."

"You will have to keep a sharp look-out when the things come up the Avon. They will be put ashore and left unprotected. I heard that some things were lost last week, and a case of 'grog' - *that was a sell for them* - is missing."

"How?"

Well, the bottles contained something else."

"Oh!"

"Slips and cuttings destined for gardens would not satisfy the thirsty throats of runaway sailors."

"Not exactly. There's many a *slip*, you know."

"There are some queer characters about, and they are not so particular about *meum et tuum* as they ought to be."

"Perhaps it will be a lesson."

"Not at all. You keep your eyes open, that's all."

"I must be off now; it is nearly four o'clock."

Jack had walked some distance when he met Mr. and Mrs. Russell coming from Lyttelton, both heavily loaded with parcels and baggage. Greetings were exchanged, and the three carried on an animated conversation for a short time, then, parting, resumed their journeying. On arriving at Lyttelton Jack went at once to see about his possessions, and had just concluded his business when Willoughby strolled in, and took him off to his own and Hart's quarters, where tea was awaiting them. The friends had much to talk about, and sat up late discussing their new prospects, and many subjects of interest to them all.

"I do not, think I shall stay in New Zealand much longer," said Willoughby.

"Why, are you tired of it?" asked Jack in surprise.

"I do not mean to say that I am going away at once, but before long I intend to go to Australia or perhaps home again."

Silence fell on the little Party for some minutes after this announcement; then Jack asked

"How long are you both going to stay in Lyttelton?"

"I shall go on to the plains as soon as I can," replied Hart; "I must say that I do not like colonial life, Jack - I shall never be a willing colonist. If all goes well, I shall be following Willoughby's example, and will set sail for 'Home, sweet Home,' again. There's no place *like home*. I've been home-sick ever since I set foot here."

Poor fellow! He was destined to go on a much longer journey than to his English home. Perhaps he already had a premonition that it would be so ordained.

Such expressions of opinion from his two valued companions were depressing to Jack, who ventured to remonstrate, and wound up with, "I felt sorry to leave the old ship when we got here, and was half inclined to go back in her; but, now I am a colonist in *reality*, I mean to stay and succeed if I can. This country is bound to progress rapidly, and"- heroically choking back a lump in his throat which threatened to stop his utterance of the words - "and if you two could only make up your minds to settle down—"

"I shall never do that, my boy," interrupted Willoughby.

"Of course, I should like to revisit home some day," Jack went on, feeling that to argue further was hopeless," but not before I have made a home out here, to which I would return when tired of Old England."

"I think it is high time that we retired, if we wish to at all," remarked Hart, glancing as he spoke at his watch. "It is late - or rather *early*. Jack, you will share my bed to-night."

"This reminds me of our voyage," said that young gentleman, when they were snugly tucked between the blankets.

"Yes. We had a very comfortable time together!"

"Listen to the wind. How it roars!"

"The rain is coming down heavily!"

"You were fortunate to escape it coming over."

"I shall have a treat going back to-morrow."

"Indeed you will. I don't envy you!"

The storm raged till dawn, and rain fell in torrents. Tired Jack was, but the noise caused by the conflicting elements completely banished sleep.

Jack had a few minutes to spare next morning, so he paid a "flying visit" to his friends the McFarlanes. They were greatly disappointed when he said he could not stay longer.

"Come over on Saturday, laddie," said Mr. McFarlane, "if you will not stay now!"

"I will not promise, for I should not like to break my word, and we are very busy just now — about to begin building the large house for Mr. Phillip's, and we shall have to stick hard at it for some time to come. However, I shall be pleased to accept your invitation if I have an opportunity!"

"We shall be glad to make you welcome whenever you come!"

"Thanks. I often think that my friends at home would have a good laugh if they could see me carrying my things to Christchurch. They have no idea of the loads that we colonists have to carry."

They would learn something if they came out here."

"I have to carry my share to-day, so must be off. I will not get back till dusk, about tea-time. We often have to go without our meals."

Reluctantly they let their young friend go. 'He was a great favourite with both old and young, but the call of duty was imperative. Colonists knew that if they wished to succeed they must work hard. "Work before pleasure" was the motto of the day. Half-past eleven saw Jack on his return journey. The "road" was in a fearful state after the rain. Mr. Phillip's home was reached before tea-time, and Jack was thankful to sit down, being tired and wet, and having had nothing to eat since his early breakfast.

Rain continued to fall heavily, and all hands were busily engaged in digging ditches to carry off the water, which threatened to flood their dwellings.

When the sun showed his bright face once more all watches were set by sun-time. On the 22nd the first sun-dial was set at twelve o'clock, which proved to be very convenient. The fine weather enabled the work of building the new house to be commenced. Jack and some of the others were digging trenches for the foundations of the partitions. Jack at this time experienced all the joys of a blistered heel, but did not give up work on that account, although to move his foot caused excruciating pain. Three days more digging, and his foot became much worse, being swollen and so painful that he could not set it on the ground. Jack tried to resume work, but could not manage it, and was compelled to give in. His companions recommended bathing the foot in hot water. This treatment eased the pain to a slight degree, and the unwilling invalid consoled himself by eating some Maori melons. They were very nice, but he wished he could have some English ones. "I am sure they would be profitable," reflected Jack. "They ought to sell well when cabbages are sold three for a shilling."

CHAPTER XV.

BUILDING A HOUSE.

ON account of the digging being too hard for his sore heel, Jack had a holiday, and as soon as it felt a little better he started for Christchurch. While there he was asked if he would let his land for a term. This matter, in his opinion, would require consideration, so he came to no decision. After planting some forest tree seeds he returned, and gave some seeds to Fred Phillips for his garden. They were busy planting them when several Maories came and offered to sell eels. The eels, which measured two feet in length, were considered fine large ones by all who saw them, and were quickly purchased by our friends. Time, however, enlightened the colonists as to the size of a really large eel.

Walking caused Jack's foot to become painful once more, but did not prevent his going into the swamp for an afternoon's shooting. One snipe was the result of several hours' wading through water, which rose above his knees.

When he got home his foot did not feel sore at all. A change of quarters was made that afternoon, which brought them nearer the site of the new building.

Jack repented his excursion into the swamp when he found his foot very much worse next morning. It was coming to a head at last. Every member of the company was complaining of being troubled in one way or another, chiefly with boils.

Being unable to get about much, Jack was appointed cook for that day and the next. He cooked the eels, which were voted "very good" by the bachelor company. On the second day the duck claimed his attention, and the verdict "fine" was pronounced. Jack was naturally very proud of having shot the duck and provided such a good dinner. In course of cooking it he managed to set fire to his clothes, but escaped without serious injury.

As Jack did not let his land, he seriously considered the advisability of draining it himself in the coming year. It would never do to let it remain for ever idle. At the end of a fortnight his foot had healed sufficiently to allow him to walk over to see Mr. Godley. As nobody wished to lease the land just then, he had a look at the now thriving young forest trees, and walked back again. During the evening he received a present of some apples, which were a rarity. Jack saved and sowed the seeds.

Next day (Saturday) he visited Mr. Dean's, and had a lot of peaches given to him. The boisterous nor'-westers were prevalent, and brought more rain.

Monday's work was a change from that of the previous week, as timber had to be carted and the hut had to be thatched, a partition had to be removed, and a fireplace built. It was indeed a busy day, and everyone felt tired and worn out when evening came.

Tuesday, 1st of April, All Fools' Day. The customs were observed on this occasion most attentively. Jack was sent on a message, but he remembered the day in time to escape being laughed at.

The thatching was all finished and the fireplace half done before the stars came twinkling forth in the sky again. The English mail was in; Jack was delighted to receive three bulky letters. The forest tree seeds that had come up were carefully counted and watched over by their owner, who now possessed thirteen plane trees and three laburnums.

The fireplace was finished on the third day; Jack also did some ditching, besides acting as cook for the day. At night he shared a tent with his chum Hart, who had come over from Lyttelton.

A welcome present came in the shape of two ducks. These were in a very short time cooked and disposed of Jack finished his ditching. Tree counting continued - he was now the happy possessor of twenty plane-trees. While the party were absent someone entered their premises; but, being disturbed by the early return of our friends, the thief had to run without securing his booty.

Rats were swarming, and a great nuisance everywhere, getting at the food, and tearing up clothing and books. Jack caught one as it ran past. The young men were fond of playing tricks on one of their companions, named Rooke. A favourite game was filling his bed with "Wild Irishman," and often one or two rats thrown in, to his intense horror and disgust.

On Sunday all went to church. Holy Communion was administered, and a large party returned to a special feast of pigeon-pie and plum-pudding.

Cutting rushes for thatching purposes was not pleasant, as the mosquitoes were both numerous and savage. Everyone but Jack complained of their bites. As he truly remarked, they did not fancy him at all.

Cutting rushes and ditching, or ditching and cutting rushes, was the order of the day, varied by sorting rushes in readiness to be laid on the roof. Jack was in great trouble. Only yesterday he had counted thirty-six plane-trees, and during the night some cows had travelled over the seed bed, causing much havoc among the plants and annoyance to Jack.

Thatching "the governor's" house or "shanty" was the next job. Jack got on very well, and "the governor" presented him with a capital cigar. Rat hunts were a source of amusement during the evenings, generally ending in the capture of two or three, to the chagrin of Mr. Rooke.

One morning it began to rain very heavily. No one got up till half-past eleven, and then it was impossible to light a fire for some time. The day was bitterly cold; a fire was at last started, and breakfast ready at two o'clock in the afternoon. Fresh meat was unobtainable. Dinner was served at six p.m. Tea at ten p.m. Three rats were caught, and all retired to rest at twelve o'clock.

Fine weather greeted early risers next morning. The snow-capped mountains showed up crisp and clear against a cloudless blue sky. The workers were busy at the new building all day. A beautiful

moonlight evening followed, and youthful "spirits" sallied forth on mischief bent. The Canterbury Association's flag was cut down for the second time, and several good 'and sedate colonists were considerably startled by the advent of solid pieces of mud (dried) on their tents or roofs of the huts. It is hardly necessary to say that rats had a sorry time that night.

Sunday was a fine cool day. Jack was going up the road with some of the others to Riccarton Bush, when suddenly he sank up to his waist in mud, and was, with much trouble extricated from his uncomfortable position. The party then walked on top of Mr. Dean's fence for some distance. (The fence was of the kind known as ditch-and-bank.) The owner, coming up to them, expostulated in vain: "they would ruin the fence." A laugh was the only answer he received; they were determined not to return to the "bog." Whenever a church service was to be held the officiating clergyman hoisted a flag. This was a very good idea, as the flag could be seen for a long distance. Bells were not yet introduced. Jack visited his garden, and found that he had forty-six trees, which were all strong and healthy. This was encouraging, especially as some had been destroyed by the marauding cattle.

CHAPTER XVI.

A TRIP TO SUMNER.

A FINE clear warm day was an irresistible temptation to those who enjoyed a day's shooting, besides the fact that the larders sorely needed replenishing. Jack had no gun, but Rooke good-naturedly supplied the deficiency by lending him one. Then, fully equipped, all started for a day's sport. At the end of the day Jack's bag contained four ducks, one quail (New Zealand), one tui or parson-bird, one black robin, and a mocking-bird. Returning at seven in the evening, after thoroughly enjoying the outing, the sportsmen felt honestly inclined to do full justice to the pigeon-pie when dinner was served, at eight p.m. Jack intended to send to his friends at "home" the plumage of as many native birds as he could obtain, so he secured the tui and black robin for the purpose of skinning them next day.

Sharp frosts and ice at night, cold mornings, and hot days, surprised not a few of the colonists. Jack thought the weather "peculiar," and doubtless many others coincided with him. A great deal of digging was done while the fine weather lasted. Turning up the virgin soil was hard work, but it was expected to be profitable.

Good Friday came on the 18th of April. A shooting excursion was arranged, and, as it was a fine warm day, the Lagoon was the scene of action decided upon. Wading knee-deep in water, and in many places breaking through ice, the ardent "shootists" made it lively for ducks and pukakos. Coming home with glowing accounts of their latest achievements, they pulled forth and exhibited to the admiring gaze of the assembled household some of the largest bags of the season.

The new house was the topic of many conversations and the subject of much thought. Truly, this was a busy time. Jack helped

to sort the timber, and took great interest in the construction of the building. The scene on Monday morning was extremely lively. All were hurrying to and fro, some carrying rushes, others chopping wood, several thatching, and the rest engaged in household duties-churning, &c.-while their chief was busily engaged in making a muzzle for a refractory calf A hard day's work ended with the declining rays of the setting sun. Hard work, however, did not quench the buoyant spirits of the younger members of the community, who met during the evenings to devise some amusement. A suggestion that the old raupe and tutu whare, which was originally occupied by the surveyors, would make a grand bonfire, needed only to be expressed to cause immediate action. The hint was given, and result was as anticipated; and the mischievous element before midnight retired from the scene, leaving naught but a heap of smouldering ashes.

On the 23rd Jack was informed that one of the surveyors wished to see him. This proved to be correct. Mr. Jollie had come to put him in possession of his rural sections. A large package of seeds had also arrived that day from England, which were highly prized by their lucky owner. Jack thought he should have enough trees, if the seeds did well, to plant the whole of the Canterbury plains.

The weather was very fine, but windy. Boreas generally rose and blew hard during the night, abating in the daytime. Our friends were very glad, as they were thus enabled to go on with the necessary fencing around the ground which was being cultivated. Jack took turns in digging post-holes, and s' awing timber for the new house. Cutting timber was tedious, and many hours were spent in this way before sufficient quantities were obtained.

To Jack's surprise at this time he was presented with a bill for twelve shillings and sixpence, the charge being made on the carriage of a diminutive parcel from Lyttelton to Christchurch. Two days later another bill, for a similar purpose on a smaller parcel, charges seven shillings and sixpence, was handed in.

The wind fell, and all hands were at once engaged in house building; and for several days were sawing almost continually. A half-holiday was granted to give a much-required spell to the tired workers when the structure showed good progress. Jack went down to "The Bricks" to get some of his things which had been unused since he left the *Castle Eden*. Arriving there, he was informed that he must first pay freight if he wished to remove them. This necessitated Jack's return to Mr. Phillip's house, and when he once more reached "The Bricks," he had one pound to pay for the demands made. The couch and portmanteau were then handed over.

On Sunday, 4th of May, Divine Service was not held. A temporary church was in course of erection. This was the first St. Michael's and All Angels' Church; its dimensions were seventy feet in length, twenty-two feet in breadth. It was too early yet to think of building the cathedral: that would be considered later on. The first three days of the following week were spent in digging and fencing. A great deal of this work was gone through. Thursday being a suitable day, Fred Phillips and Jack started for Sumner. Walking was difficult, as their way lay through swamps, high grass, and tutu - a perfect tangle or jungle of the latter. As they went along they amused themselves by botanising, and found many interesting native flowers and plants - viz; wild cactus, fuchsias, geraniums, parsley, cabbage, turnips, and convolvuli, according to these southern disciples of the world-renowned botanist. Birds were numerous; ducks, water-snipes, red-bills, sand-snipes, swamp-hens, quails, and many others too numerous to particularise were met with. The river Heathcote was crossed by means of a ferry-boat. Jack graphically describes the river thus: - "We crossed the Heathcote by ferry. This river and the Avon both fall into the sea at Sumner. They make at the junction a large bay, at the mouth of which is a great bar. The scenery is fine; lofty and rugged hills being on one side, and the vast extent of sea on the other." "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is an

old saying. When our young friends worked they *worked*, and when they played they *played*; or, in other words, they worked with a *will* when work had to be done, and when out for a day's pleasure tried their utmost to extract as much enjoyment as possible.

Need I say that they succeeded? After duly admiring the scenery and the charming beach at Sumner, and declaring that Sumner of the future would be to Christchurch what Brighton is to England's health-seekers from overcrowded London, they proposed fishing, as the tide was out. They succeeded in catching several, and then they took tea at Mrs. Raworth's, and also stayed there for the night. Early next morning they were astir, and took a long stroll together, breakfasting at Day's. This was the Sumner "hotel," and they determined to stay there for the night. Jack thought he would rather go to Lyttelton than stay all day in Sumner, and directly after breakfast he started, making his way over the hills. He arrived at Lyttelton in good time, took lunch with the McFarlanes, and returned to Sumner rejoining his friend at Day's just as dinner was served.

At two o'clock on Saturday the homeward journey was begun, and both agreed that the outing had been "splendid fun." They felt eager to inform their party of what they had been doing, and where they had spent their holiday.

Divine Service was held in an old shanty next day. The new church had now assumed shape, but was far from completion.

Jack, who had been initiated in the manly accomplishment of smoking by his companions, was occasionally the recipient of a present of cigars from "the governor," who had a good supply of "smokers' delights." He and the others talked and smoked away the hours after dark, now that winter was coming on rapidly. The weather was very severe, frosts alternating with heavy rains. Digging continued; it being "warm" work, was much more acceptable than many other jobs would have been, and allowed plenty of exercise besides. The roof of the house was covered in

by contract. Work was always let out by contract when a "big job" was in hand.

Divine Service was held in Mr. Phillip's house on Sunday.

The next week was a repetition of the preceding one - so far as work was concerned - with the exception of one day, when "the governor" requested Jack to search for a number of heifers which had strayed away into the swamp. This was a treat indeed. Frost lay on the ground all day, and all day Jack waded in the swamp-water, waist-deep, and breaking through the thick ice which covered it. The missing cattle were nowhere to be found until late, when with much trouble they were brought home.

Saturday, 24th May, her Majesty's birthday, and real queen's weather. A holiday was not indulged in on this occasion, as all were too busy house-building.

On the following Wednesday the bricks were brought in a dray for the chimney. Wet weather had set in again, but did not prevent the work being done. Jack took his turn at bricklaying, and at levelling the ground for the flooring of the rooms. In the evening there was a general adjournment of young people to Mr. Durrey's, where a card party was held.

On Sunday Jack went up to and through part of Riccarton Bush for the first time. A shooting party was arranged for the 1st June, which was on the following Saturday.

The "shootists" "were very successful when they met at Riccarton Bush, getting a great number of cawcaws, tuis, pigeons, and quail.

Part of the shanty in which Jack and his companions dwelt was removed, which made it much more comfortable and convenient for the inmates. Hitherto they had been rather cramped for room, and, as the matter lay in their own hands, they settled it by removing the difficulty.

After leaving home Jack had his hair cut for the first time at the Cape of Good Hope, and now for the second time the mass of

curling wavy hair was clipped. “A barber had not often been called into requisition,” I can fancy hearing a reader say.

Carrying poles down from Riccarton Bush was a distasteful occupation, and one that Jack soon tired of. The poles were rough, lone and unwieldy having a disposition to wriggle round in all directions, finally falling in opposite ways to the ground. Of course, a remedy was soon discovered for this evil by tying them with flax in several places, and making them into a solid bundle. But, oh! the aching arms, and bruised and swollen shoulders that resulted from such hard labour. Yet, tired as they were, the spirit of mischief led to more practical jokes, in which Rooke was invariably the victim. This time he was blown up-with gunpowder.

Mr. Phillips, senior, was an enthusiastic gardener, and imported a lot of gooseberry cuttings, which he and Jack carefully planted out. The latter afterwards went up to the bush, felled some trees, and assisted to crosscut and split firewood.

The sunsets at this time of the year were magnificent, and the surrounding scenery under the effulgent rays of the setting sun was beyond description-beyond the powers of man to describe in a manner worthy of such loveliness.

CHAPTER XVII.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

THREE days of rough weather followed. Wind, rain, and hail did extensive damage. The inmates of "The Shanty" expected every moment to see it blown over. The rain cleared up on the afternoon of the 12th. Repairing damages occasioned by the rough weather took some time, then woodcutting and digging were resumed and continued till the end of the month.

Jack joined the Christchurch Cricket Club, which was now instituted, the annual subscription to which was one guinea.

The church bell, having arrived from England in the *Castle Eden*, was brought from Lyttelton on the 26th, and was an object of excessive curiosity to the Maories, who crowded around as usual when any new object caught their eye.

The fourth gale since the arrival of the *Castle Eden* was now experienced with unusual severity.

On the 1st of the month a ship arrived from "home," and Jack went into port, where he found a chest of seeds, also a lot of letters and newspapers awaiting him. He carried the chest of seeds (on his back) home - a distance of ten miles; and then, to his chagrin, found that the salt water had got in and spoilt most of them.

Cold weather and rain alternated. Mr. Phillips and Jack went into port and fetched a sack of maize over on horseback. Parties went out pig-hunting with more or less success; besides gaining a supply of fresh pork, the sport was exciting. Garden operations were pushed on vigorously whenever the uncertain weather permitted.

At this time Jack had the misfortune to lose a box, the contents of which were both useful and valuable to the struggling colonist.

St. Michael and All Angels' Church was formally opened on Sunday, 20th July. It is hardly necessary to state that a numerous

gathering was present; all who could go were there, Jack and his friends among the foremost ranks. The faces of the congregation beamed with joyful satisfaction; the thought of being able once more to meet together in a fitting place of worship gave great pleasure, and at the conclusion of the service their feelings found voice on every side.

An orchard was laid out, in which apple trees and gooseberry bushes were planted. The garden walks around the new house (Mr. Phillips's) were formed. The place began to assume a more home-like appearance when this work was completed.

A fierce "sou'-wester" brought more rain. The pilgrims who dwelt in "V huts" and tents had hard work to keep a roof over their heads. A slight shock of earthquake occurred shortly afterwards.

While the rain continued "all hands" worked busily at the house - much of the inside carpentering had yet to be done-and the family were eagerly looking forward to the time when they should be able to leave the "V huts" for a warmer and more comfortable residence.

A little excitement was caused on the 1st of August, when the news that a heifer had calved was brought in. After much trouble she was secured and milked, then she turned quite mad and rushed at each of the party in turn, without doing more damage than knocking them down in the mud. In the end she was taken home and put in a yard for security. Milk and butter were of great value in the little community.

Next day Jack was greatly shocked to receive the unwelcome news that his friend Mr. Hart was dead. He could not shake off the gloomy feeling that he had lost one of his best friends. Besides this he had felt unwell all day, having contracted a violent cold; added to this he suffered severely from chilblains. Jack felt most miserable, and certainly did not enjoy the trip to the bush to bring down firewood through mud kneedeep. Frosty weather again, and toi-toi cutting began; the toi-toi was in great demand for

thatching. Jack took turns at it and various other jobs. He fetched a cask of salt beef over from "The Bricks," and brought in firewood from the bush one day; the next day he went up to Mr. Dean's farm and got some vegetables - in short, he was here, there, and everywhere when required.

Mr. McFarlane held a long conversation with Jack about sheep-farming, and invited him to visit his sheepstation - a large one of 20,000 acres, and about 24 miles distant from Mr. Phillips's place.

While getting *toi-toi* across the river, Jack fell into a hole. The water was very deep and rapid. He narrowly escaped drowning by catching at the leaves of a flaxbush as he was being swept down stream, and by this means managed to scramble out of danger. For the rest of the day he helped with the thatching.

The following Monday was devoted to gardening, seed-sowing, and tree-planting. Then bad weather set in. Rain, hail, and snow fell. The latter lay on the ground for five days. At the end of that time it began to disappear, and gardening was once more resumed, and pushed on with vigour through the next week, which proved to be fine and warm.

The church organ had arrived, and was brought over, and tuned in readiness for the services. On Sunday, the 24th, it was played for the first time.

Next morning Jack was "told off" to bring in a young heifer- a wild one. It had a rope and log attached to it. This was used to prevent the animal straying too far from home. Directly Jack got near she rushed at him and knocked him down, then dragged him along by the leg for some distance. Before he could extricate himself from his uncomfortable position one arm was badly strained and bruised, otherwise he escaped unhurt.

Jack went into port to look for his missing box, but could find no trace of it. On this occasion he had the good fortune to ride home on Mr. Richard's mare, an unlooked-for treat and unusual luxury at that early date.

Next week was a splendid one for the gardeners. Part of the time was set aside for ditching and fencing. Mr. Phillips was laid up for a day with lumbago, and during his absence from the garden work progressed but slowly. Result of day's labour - four plum-trees were planted.

Mr. Phillips bought a ton of potatoes from the Maories, for which he agreed to pay £5. Jack was sent down to "The Bricks," where they were encamped, to see the potatoes weighed and put aside. When this was done, Jack offered the money in payment. The Maories then refused to allow the potatoes to go for £5 and demanded £6. Jack argued the matter. He considered it great roguery on their part, and told them so plainly. But arguments were wasted on his dusky auditors, who evaded further discussion by pretending that the English language was unintelligible.

Next day, Sunday, the natives assembled in great numbers in church, the organ being a new wonder to their astonished ears. Very often they visited their white brethren, the pakehas, and familiarly squatted about, both inside and outside of their primitive dwellings. Once or twice they besieged the whare occupied by Jack and his companions. The sharp practice on their part over the potato business had not raised them in Jack's estimation, and as there was barely room to move about in the whare while they remained, Jack bethought himself of an easy method of ridding himself and the others of the uninvited guests. Pretending to be busy over the fire, overlooking the cooking, he presently lifted the kettle, which was full of boiling water, and contrived to spill the contents on the floor. With a yell of dismay the dusky visitors leapt to their feet, and rushed outside. Jack and his comrades laughed loudly as the natives ran, which added to their rage. From that hour they kept clear of his quarters.

On the 2nd September another young gentleman arrived and joined as a cadet. Besides the new arrival, the party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, six sons, and nephew (Fred) (their two daughters, Mrs. Miles and Mrs. Potts, had not yet come from

England), Mr. Rooke, Mr. Morley, Mr. Heathcote, and Jack. There were two servant girls and a man-servant (Mr. Heathcote left the province shortly afterwards). Generally there was a numerous company present, as friends were continually passing and repassing on the way to their various locations.

The ship *Dominion* arrived, bringing letters and home papers.

Work was plentiful, and the young men were kept busy, as the potato planting was commenced on the 5th September. Then there was fencing and tree-plan tin g to be done, and pig-styes to be built. A large waterspout was seen during the afternoon, and heavy rain fell.

On the 8th they began farming at Riccarton, and started by chopping the flax. Fires were lit to assist in clearing the land, and for a time were rather too close to be pleasant. A very large fire raged at the same time in front of Mr. Phillips's house. Neighbours had their fires as well, and the smoke was almost suffocating, while the heat was intense. The weather was very favourable for the "burn," being fine, warm, and windy. The next job was to dig the ground where they had previously chopped the flax. This was no easy task, as the roots were spread in all directions.

Crops were rapidly coming up. The latest sown showed most promise. Fruit trees were still being planted, and seeds of all kinds put in.

A long walk was taken up to Kingswood, a bush (on top of a port hill) belonging to Mr. Phillips. This was a block of about forty acres. The trip was a holiday excursion and inspection combined. Some trees were marked as suitable for building purposes, and during next week poles were cut for a new whare. Jack now saw for the first time some large fuchsia trees, and carefully preserved some flowers for his friends at home.

Laundresses were able to earn splendid wages, as their charges were high. For "doing up" a white shirt, 1s. 6d., and ordinary clothes were washed at the rate of 5s. per dozen. Mrs. Phillips

made an agreement with a laundress to do Jack's things for the sum of £5 per annum. Also for the other young men at the same rate, it being cheaper than paying by the dozen.

On the 18th Jack made and erected the first gate that he had seen in the colony, a feat of which he felt extremely proud.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HILL-DWELLERS.

NEXT day Heathcote, Rogers, Fred Phillips and Jack, with two men, removed to the foot of the port hills, to farm the land there. They took two tents, and had a man for each tent. Directly they reached their destination, the work of digging out a house, or hollowing out a dwelling in a bank, was commenced. They worked late, but of course such an undertaking could not be completed in, a single day, so they retired to their tents, and slept as peacefully upon their fern-beds as they would have done on the softest couch in a palace.

On Sunday they dined with Mr. Phillips, and went to church. Another batch of letters had arrived from home by the *Lady Nugent*, which was in port again.

All next week was taken up by the work of digging out their new house in the hill. “The Hovel” was the euphonious name bestowed by the proprietors on their new dwelling. Inside they lined it with “cob,” a mixture of clay and tussock (grass). The roof was thatched with *toi-toi*. (Sometimes thatching was done with *raupo*, or rushes; it depended on the supply at hand. If *toi-toi* was plentiful it was used; if not, rushes when procurable, or *raupo* if the two former were scarce.) “The Hovel” thus lined and thatched was warm and comfortable, but the rats were apt to burrow through the walls in search of plunder.

A delightful dip every morning in the river Heathcote, which ran close by, proved an appetiser for the morning meal. Rain and hail fell almost every other day, and in the beginning of October continuously. Between the heaviest showers a “run up to the bush” for wood, which was a good distance away; and attacks – chopping - on the.” Wild Irishman” (a prickly native shrub) was exercise not to be sneered at. During the rainy season Jack took a

walk to Sumner to search for his lost box, and also went into port, without success in either case.

When the weather cleared up, the first business was to make a new fireplace. Then to work at digging up tutu. The tutu was eagerly sought after as fuel by many of the colonists, as firewood was very scarce, and the price high in consequence. In this case the tutu was being dug out to clear the land. The shrub is also very poisonous, and cattle that were turned out hungry often died through the effects of the poison in the young green shoots, of which they had greedily eaten. The berry is poisonous if eaten, but if the seed is removed and the juice strained, some persons can take it without ill effects.

For more reasons than one the work of "grubbing" or digging out the tutu was hurriedly pushed on with all over the plain.

Jack was delighted to find that a great number of his fellow-colonists were Scotch, and wrote home to that effect. But Otago was *the* Scotch settlement *in toto*.

On Saturday afternoon the friends caught about thirty small fishes. These were fried for tea and voted it "very good."

Every Sunday they dined at the house, and went to church, returning to their new quarters at night.

Evening expeditions up the river, eeling, afforded good sport, and some fine large fish were caught. Other colonists went out, too, and the fish were often offered for sale. On one occasion Jack bought "a whole kitful" for twopence.

Boils still troubled some members of the party. Jack undertook the "doctoring" of "The Hovel," and lanced away with the nonchalance of a professional.

A Wesleyan minister appeared on the scene about this time, and held services. Soon a chapel was talked of.

Driving eight pigs to Christchurch was rather a diversion after "grubbing" "Wild Irishman." By the time Christchurch was reached one "porker" was missing from the disorderly herd, having made good its escape on the road.

The weather was now very hot. Jack set to work and made a summer cap. His companions complimented him on his success. On the 27th October they started to plough the land over which they had already spent so much time in clearing of tutu and "Wild Irishman." A large piece of neatly turned land was the result of three long days' labour.

Splendid weather continued when November was ushered in. On Sunday Jack went for a long walk after church, and a second one after dinner. He took tea with Dr. Richards, and got back to the tents pretty well done up.

On Monday he visited his Christchurch section and weeded his forest trees. They were very healthy, and growing fast. The climate of their new home evidently suited them, Jack thought, as he viewed the little nursery. Afterwards he went fishing in the Avon and caught sixteen large eels. His efforts were much appreciated by the workers at the tents. The cob was not yet sufficiently dry to allow them to take up their residence in "The Hovel."

November 5th, Gunpowder Plot Day, was commemorated by a huge bonfire. The "Wild Irishman" came in very useful for this purpose.

Jack got news that two more boxes had arrived from England for him, so walked into port without delay and took possession of his property.

The land on the plain being in parts very swampy, a great deal of ditching had to be done before it could be used. On the 10th November they commenced planting barley, or, as it was called, "dibbing" barley (a very slow and laborious method it would be considered by the farmers of the present day). The work of "dibbing" was thus carried out - one person walked over the ploughed land with a pointed stick in each hand, with these he made small round holes in the ground, and another person followed with the barley, dropping a single grain into each hole. Wheat was treated in the same manner. The result was excellent,

the grain came up in even rows, and produced better crops than when sown in any other way. Of course much more time was occupied in the process of sowing, but when doubly repaid for their trouble the time was considered well spent.

On Tuesday, the 11th, the *Sir George Pollex* arrived, with Mr. Felix Wakefield and his daughter among her passengers. Their arrival caused a little excitement on the plains. English mails came in at the same time.

Rainy weather set in again, and lasted for a week, which started the grain. The eyes of the pilgrims were gladdened at the sight of the fresh green shoots which sprang into life under the gentle showers.

Jack explored the country at the foot of the port hills one Sunday afternoon, and admired the distant mountains from several new points of view.

On Monday morning he met Ronaldsey, who was dissatisfied with the country, and could not get anything to do. Jack felt sorry to see a fellow-colonist in such a position, and promised to do what he could for him, so set out to Christchurch, and meeting a friend, assured work for Ronaldsey, also for another man - a friend of the latter. They would have to begin in earnest on the following Monday if they intended to become "real colonists." Jack having been successful in his mission then returned to his own work, which was of a miscellaneous character, viz., hoeing potatoes and peas, thinning turnips, etc. During the week he found time to go up to Christchurch, where he found Ronaldsey, who was in better spirits. Jack was glad to see that he was less despondent, and told him that he had found work for them, and if they kept at it they would be in constant employment for six months. The work was of various descriptions, part of it would be road-making. Ronaldsey and his friend thanked Jack, and gratefully took the employment offered. It mattered little what the work was so long as there was work to do. Time would not hang heavily on their hands with something to think about. Many

gentlemen, who were similarly placed, felt quite miserable, and were only too glad and willing to work at whatever offered.

Jack wrote home realistic accounts of life in the new country, as the following extracts taken from a letter to his brother will show: - "You have not the least idea how differently we 'grub' here. Apart from our very primitive table furniture - pannikins, etc., to match - we invent so many ways of cooking things. To cook beefsteak we place it on a pointed stick and hold it over the fire till cooked, then we spread a little butter, and sprinkle salt and pepper on it; I can tell you it is really splendid done in that way. Our breakfast this morning consisted solely of pearl barley and boiled milk, but it was very good Our bedroom, dining-room, and kitchen is all in one - a general living-room. Would not our mater be horrified if she could see the men sitting around and smoking while the meals are being prepared?"

CHAPTER XIX.

"NOR'-WESTERS."

TIME sped onward quickly. Anniversary Day came and passed. The pilgrims were now beginning to survey their little homes with an air of proud proprietorship. Dr. Barker had a very comfortable house. It was built rather differently to the one owned by Mr. Phillips, as the timber used for the purpose was Van Dieman's Land paling, and when completed the building received a coat of tar in lieu of paint. The doctor also had been fortunate enough to grow the first gum tree (*Eucalyplus*) in Canterbury, from seed procured in Australia.

Jack had spent his last Christmas at sea, and when the day came round again his thoughts reverted to the good ship *Castle Eden*, and the jolly times spent on board. Christmas in New Zealand was a Christmas of an entirely different nature to the English one, as we have already seen, though Jack was not present at the festival on the plains on that occasion. He thoroughly enjoyed the change, however, although the heat was great throughout the holidays.

Mr. Hill drove the first wheeled vehicle in Christchurch—it was an ordinary cart drawn by a strong heifer in harness. Messrs. Briton and Denton had horses and bullocks. Mr. Richard Sutcliffe owned the first horse-dray, and did the carting on the road from "The Bricks."

Nor'-westers visited and astonished the pilgrims by their power and violence. During one gale a "V hut," the temporary dwelling of Mr. G. Allen, was demolished, and his little daughter narrowly escaped being crushed to death by the falling timbers. When the gust passed she was found hanging to the wrecked framework, and was speedily rescued from her uncomfortable position. A favourite dog that was with her was killed by a heavy beam falling upon it. The gale continued. Packing-cases and various other

articles travelled rapidly across the plain before the furious, howling blast. The ladies lost their bonnets and caps, which were torn from their heads and joined in the mad flight. The pilgrims viewed with dismay their unroofed tenements - dwellings in which the packing-cases afore-said had played a prominent part, being extensively used in wall-building.

Mr. Allen had brought a large bundle of raspberry canes and strawberry roots, also choice flower roots, from home. They were a parting present - a much-prized gift from the Duke of Buccleuch, who knew of Mr. Allen's love of gardening. These he had carefully tended, and they had been much admired by his shipmates on board the *Charlotte Jane*. Now all flew with the wind, being torn up by the roots, and were lost for ever.

Numerous incidents of a similar nature occurred, and to those who suffered from the storm were the, reverse of pleasant, as a semi-deluge was the usual finale to the unmerciful pranks of rude Boreas. Mr. Marley and family lived in a hollowed-out square in a bank, this was walled up at the front with boxes, and a space left between for an entrance. Their carpets were used for the roof, and also hung down over the doorway. The whole was well roped for security. Suddenly at midnight the wind swooped down upon them, and carried away the whole of the artificial portion of the structure, leaving the inmates (and the bare earthen walls) to wait anxiously for the first sign of approaching dawn.

Worth's costumes would have been worthless to the pilgrims in those early days. Their dress was picturesque, though perhaps not exactly the suitable attire to be seen in an English drawing-room. It was, notwithstanding, exactly suited to the requirements of the colonists. Cabbage-tree hats, of Australian origin - and very expensive headgear too - were much worn. Blue or red serge shirtblouses - "slops," in colonial parlance - worn with corduroys, tweeds, and moleskins, also heavy, watertight boots, was the chief dress of the sterner sex, while their gentler partners wore any strong material that could be procured. A well-known

gentleman, a baronet, with an eve to business brought out a quantity of boots, which sold well and quickly, as they were in great demand.

In the course of an eloquent sermon one Sunday, a high dignitary of the Church made allusion to the dress of his congregation. "It was not seemly," he said, "to visit the house of God in rough dress." He would prefer seeing the people assemble to worship in garments suitable to the day and occasion. A member of the church had invited the preacher to dinner, and at the conclusion of the service led the way to his farmhouse, over rough ground, through fern, scrub, and "Wild Irishman." By the time they reached their destination black alpaca, gaiters, and thin shoes had become much dilapidated. At dinner the wearer was forced to admit that "serge blouses and corduroys were the proper and only suitable apparel to wear in such rough country." The host - he was a Scotsman - smiled.

As years roll on we catch glimpses of Jack as a cadet on Cookson's, then at McFarlane's station. Jack met and became acquainted with Lord Robert Cecil, [Now Marquis of Salisbury] who was travelling through New Zealand, and the guest of Mr. McFarlane.

Later on we see Jack living on his own land in a dwelling which he had hollowed out in a sandhill, and walled up with grass sods, and thatched in the usual manner. He went out surveying with Harman's party by day at Papanui Bush, returning at night to his solitary home in the sandhill. Here it was that he first experienced an earthquake. Having lost his watch-key, he was endeavouring to make a substitute out of a large flat-headed copper nail. After cutting the point off he was trying to split the lower end by means of his pocket-knife and a hammer. He was standing just inside the whare, near the doorway, for the sake of the light, and at first could not understand why the nail wobbled about under the knife so much that he could not aim a fair blow at it with the hammer. Presently a strange giddiness came over him, and he at once

concluded that he was going to be sick, and that his own unsteady hand was to blame. Then the rafters of the roof began to crack ominously, and the earth rocked, violently. "Ah, that's the trouble!" he cried. 'An earthquake! I must get out of this quick. These earthquakes are queer things," and he sprang outside.

'Now what shall I do ? If I stand up, the earth may crack and I may go flop down. I'll lie down, and by chance I may lie across the crack. Then if I do, I may lie on the line where the crack opens, and I shall be swallowed tip." All this flashed through his mind in much less time than it takes to write it down, and the result was that Jack remained standing until the jumping and rocking motion of the earth ceased to be noticeable.

Subsequently Jack started farming on his own account. He had many friends who were farming. Several clergymen also had their own farms, on which they worked during the week, besides preaching on Sundays. They were practical and useful colonists in the true sense of the world.

CHAPTER XX.

A TRIP TO HOKITIKA.

JACK paid a visit to Victoria after the gold-fever had broken out. He took passage in the *Mumford*, a 100 ton schooner, and reached Melbourne after a voyage which lasted twenty-eight days. During that time they had encountered a terrible storm of thunder, lightning, and hail, and the most fearful sea that Jack had ever seen. Afterwards they were becalmed off the coast.

Melbourne was built in a rather irregular fashion. Rough shanties, tents, and dwellings, constructed out of a strange mixture of building material, met the eye on every side. Jack was not much taken with the beauty of the place. He had come over to see his brother, who had just arrived from "home," and who had heard much of the wealth in Victorian soil. The meeting between the brothers occurred in the street. Jack at once recognised the brother whom he had left in Scotland, but had quite forgotten that time had changed the youth of sixteen summers, and was rather surprised to find that he appeared as a stranger to his brother for a moment. Jack, however, lost no time in making himself known.

The gold-fever was raging throughout the district. Jack spent part of his time in visiting the "diggings" and different parts of the country, which he did not think equal to New Zealand in some parts, but in others far better. He at length resolved to return to New Zealand, and took passage in the schooner *Argentine* for Lyttelton. The return trip was covered in eleven days.

The old colonists among my readers will cast a thought back to the "good old times" as they peruse these pages, and recall many old acquaintances mentioned and unmentioned in this brief sketch of life in the "early days." While looking at Christchurch of to-day, and its handsome blocks of buildings, a passing thought will be given to those of former days.

The “White Hart” hotel, the first in the province, was originally started in a large tent, and owned by a Mr. Hart, who was dubbed “Fagan” by a few of the lively spirits (not bottled) who frequented the incipient hostelry. The “Royal” and the “Golden Fleece” were afterwards built to accommodate the rapidly increasing population.

The first policeman was known as “General Whist.” He was in reality a son of the general. The uniform worn was a plain blouse and belt. Another well-known “Bobby” was Goodacre, who was zealous in his watchful care that peace should be kept in the vicinity of the “White Hart.” It has been asserted that at least on one occasion, the hotel-keeper and the protecting policeman were locked in a room by some convivial colonists, whilst they revelled in a good supper and otherwise festively disported themselves. In justice to them it must be said that they paid their victims handsomely for the joke, when releasing them from their temporary imprisonment.

Jack all this time had not been idle, having made a comfortable home for himself. Nine years in Canterbury had seen a great change, not only to the place, but also in the colonists. The youth was now a man, and, like many others, found a bonnie bride among the beautiful young maidens on the plains. The wedding took place in St. Michael's church one sunny spring morning in 1859, and although Jack and his bride intended that it should be kept quiet, a numerous gathering of friends of the young pair assembled to witness the ceremony.

Later on the gold-fever broke out at Hokitika. Jack heard that horses were in demand there, and having a great number on his estate that he wished to dispose of, he determined to take them across the range-a formidable undertaking, considering the fact that no road had yet been made. However, Jack started, undaunted by the knowledge that danger awaited him - not only in the ranges, but in the rivers which so madly rushed downward in their course to the Pacific. Besides horses, he took a bullock

and a donkey, also two cases of eggs. The eggs were packed in salt. A man had charge of the dray with provisions and other necessaries needful for the trip. The dray was taken up Porter's Pass past Craigieburn, and away up the Bealy, far beyond the last-mentioned place.

On their first day out, when about sixteen miles from Templeton, a man was found lying on the road with a broken leg. Jack split up an old case, and made splints for the injured limb which he bound up with rope (untwisted), then returned with the sufferer to the nearest station (Dr. Coward's), where he left him in good hands.

The rivers were rough, rapid, and dangerous to cross. Jack found about thirty men "stuck up" at the Tiapo, and put them across on the horses. A man tried to cross *without a horse*, after they had left, and was drowned.

Travelling through the range was slow work. Jack and his man had to cut the scrub to make a way for the horses through the bush in many places. Passing through an almost impenetrable forest of black birch, some fine specimens of majestic and gigantic trees were seen. They were remarkable in their luxuriant growth and imposing beauty of their foliage. Magnificent scenery, awe-inspiring in its grandeur, was much admired by the travellers going forward. After crossing the range, they duly arrived at a "clearing" Called , McClintock's paddock, a piece of ground where the tired horses were glad to rest without attempting to get away, though of feed there was almost none. Jack left them and went into Hokitika, where, to his intense disgust, he found that it was impossible to keep horses, as there was nothing for them to eat. He managed to sell the bullock for £25. The eggs had been immersed in the rivers several times, and the salt had melted away, consequently a number were lost, those that remained sold at a good price. Hokitika was a curious-looking place, and was built on the beach, the rough "shanties" on either side of Revell Street.

As things were, Jack decided to return at once, before the horses lost condition; the journey had already shown its effects. Jack left the place without regret, and started homeward. The charming scenery on the return journey was hurriedly passed. At night avalanches kept the travellers awake. They experienced a terrible thunderstorm in the Otira Gorge. Jack felt that man was an insignificant creature before the power of the Almighty. The thunder rolled and re-echoed in the mountains without interval, while blinding flashes of lightning lit up the murky sky, or blazed unpleasantly near. Rain fell in torrents. The rivers became swollen, and rushed down roaring in mighty floods. Jack was compelled to go onward. He narrowly escaped with his life at one crossing, being washed away and carried down stream) but getting safely out spent the night crouched beside a big log, at which another wayfarer had camped and lit a fire. Blankets and everything else besides were drenched, therefore useless for that occasion.

Upon reaching the spot where they had left some provisions and horse-feed for the return journey, they found that someone had stolen it. This necessitated still further haste. When crossing the Bealy they lost what few remaining provisions they had; the dray being washed down stream. The horses, though carried away by the current, managed to get out in an almost exhausted condition. The horse and dray came ashore some distance lower down stream. The only thing now left in the shape of food was raw bacon, with no means to cook it; all else had been washed away. The man with Jack loudly lamented over the lost tea. The possibility of having to exist without a cup of tea for several days drew forth a doleful question, "How can I do without my tea?" which, being too often repeated, raised Jack's ire. "You can do as do," he said, and manfully set to work on the raw bacon. Cold and hunger combined is not calculated to make one over-fastidious. This food, unpalatable though it was, somewhat appeased his appetite. His companion soon was compelled, by the

pangs of hunger, to share the same, though he did so with ill grace. At a crossing (there were numerous crossings, as the Bealy often traversed their path) they found a man "stuck up" "with a trap - he did not care to risk crossing over. Jack had grown desperate by this time, and determined to cross at all hazards; and to the astonishment of others on the opposite side, did so without mishap. Here he heard the melancholy news that a man had just been drowned whilst attempting to cross.

Jack reached home after travelling twenty-eight days. Thin, haggard, almost bare-footed, with clothes in tatters, and with limping, half-starved horses, they presented a sorry appearance. Jack had taken a good supply of clothes, and two new pairs of strong water-tight boots. The former hung in ribbons, while portions of the latter still remained.

Some time after this the colony was both startled and horrified by discovering that the Sullivan-Burgess gang were systematically robbing and murdering travellers passing through the range. Arthur Dobson, one of their many victims, was mistaken for a gold-digger and foully murdered. Arthur's Pass was named after this gentleman, who was one of the survey party engaged in laying the line of road from Christchurch to Hokitika. It is unnecessary to dwell here on the horrible crimes committed by the desperadoes; sufficient to say that they were captured and made pay the penalty of the law. The informer of the gang, after serving a term of imprisonment, was released, but being hated by his fellow-men for his past atrocities, was hunted from place to place, and never allowed to stay (where known) for any length of time.

As time went on the farmers began to complain, as the store-keepers had started men on land, and having thus managed to have control over large quantities of grain and produce, the Competition was very great, and the store-keepers could force the farmers to sell at their own terms. This caused many heavy

losses to the latter, and acted to the detriment of the province. Its effect on trade at that time was disastrous.

Men now began to take an active interest in electioneering, and lively scenes were witnessed on and before the day of election. Each faction wore distinguishing colours, and much good-natured “chaff” was interchanged. Politics were of a mild description. In later years the “disease” *politicia* assumed a more virulent character.

CHAPTER XXI.

AFTER FORTY YEARS.

OVER forty years have passed away since we first saw the Canterbury Association discussing Canterbury as a future home for the colonists. The years have sped swiftly, but New Zealand has progressed rapidly in spite of many serious drawbacks.

Christchurch of 1891 is thoroughly English in appearance. This fact is at once noticed by tourists and other travellers throughout the whole of New Zealand. The cathedral is now a handsome and substantial reality, and as long as it exists will be a memorial to those who endured hardship and conquered labour with such brilliant success.

Around the city, and dotted all over the plains, are various minor busy centres of population, each with its churches, schools, and other public buildings ; while in cosy, tree-sheltered nooks are the farm-dwellings, where for many a winter evening, as Longfellow says—

“Indoors, warm by the wide-mouth fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city,”

and smoked in silence, while resting from the hard labours of every day, as he thought of the rich reward promised by the fruitful land of his adoption. He has now his reward in the prosperity that surrounds him.

Long since we left Jack and his blushing bride at the threshold of their new home. Our readers will be satisfied with the knowledge that they are still residing in the country of their adoption, though

Jack has not amassed untold wealth. But gathered around his hearth are a group of tall and sturdy young colonists who delight in hearing their parents talk over their experiences in the "early days," and who are proud of their native land. They will no doubt in turn make good use of their powers for advancing the welfare of their country.

THE END.

Additional Notes

The *Castle Eden*
Arrived Lyttelton 7th February 1851.

According to the National Library index the author of the book was Margaret Helen Ann Buchanan (1862-1949) hence the MHAB that appears as the author. The “Jack” in the book is John J Buchanan, a chief cabin passenger, who was her father. She gives herself away by giving a partial list of passengers; only Buchanan is given initials, the others have surnames only.

Jack Buchanan; his actual second name was Jauncey. John J married Ann Elizabeth Allen in 1859 (she died a widow 4 Jan 1917 at Tikokino). In 1865 Jack was on both the Heathcote and Avon Rolls. John Jauncey Buchanan died 1913, a sheepfarmer, Tikokino (Napier Court)

Margaret Helen Ann is on the Hawkes Bay roll 1893 (first woman's vote) domestic duties, at Tikokino, Hawkes Bay (as is her mother Ann). It appears Margaret never married - she died in 1949 intestate, Farmer of Tikokino. Note; Jack born 22/10/1834.

The first part of the book is a somewhat sanitised and romanticised account of the voyage of the *Castle Eden* but is probably the best account available. The Wright diary is very much brief notes only. A report of the voyage in the *Lyttelton Times* is brief. Another report by Thomas Jackson is many pages long but covers mostly about Canterbury etc. The voyage part is not that long.

Footnotes in the original text have been placed at the appropriate place in square brackets [thus] in this printing.

Calendar for the relevant period.

October 1850

S	M	Tu	W	Th	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

November 1850

S	M	Tu	W	Th	F	S
	1	2				
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

December 1850

S	M	Tu	W	Th	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

January 1851

S	M	Tu	W	Th	F	S
	1	2	3	4		
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

February 1851

S	M	Tu	W	Th	F	S
	1					
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

March 1851

S	M	Tu	W	Th	F	S
	1					
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					